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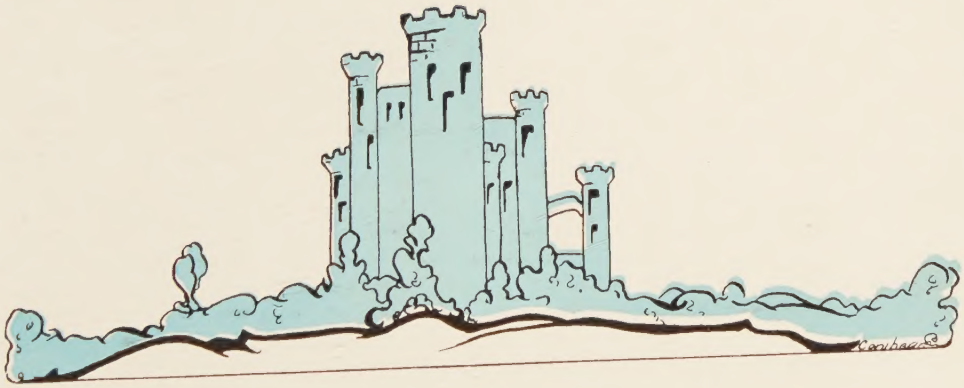
The Norther

Published by the

Sophomore Class

Volume Twenty-nine

1928



Northern Illinois State Teachers College

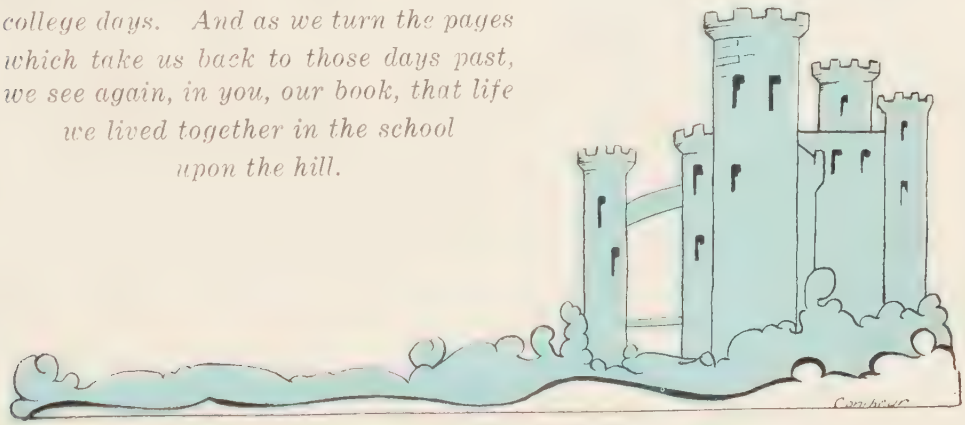
DeKalb, Illinois

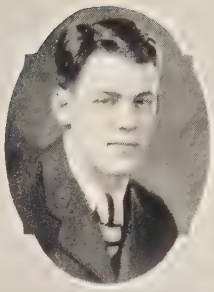
To Our President
Joseph Clifton Brown

in appreciation of his service as our leader and his interest as our friend, we, the class of 1928 dedicate this book.

Foreword

As we open this book we see in it the guide to past events, the "open sesame" of our college days. Through these pages run, not the pictures of people and places, but pictures which assume the magic semblance of those qualities which we term friendship and love. We view once more the beauty of our school which has been, and which is with us, and we value with increasing tenderness the friendships which to us spell college days. And as we turn the pages which take us back to those days past, we see again, in you, our book, that life we lived together in the school upon the hill.





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JOY GLIDDEN . . . . . *Art Editor*

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President Joseph Clifton Brown

In the single fleeting year that our new president has been with us, we have been enriched in the wealth that is his: an admirable personal and social graciousness, an unsounded capacity for a serving friendship, an administrative ability that heralds an era of new growth and progress.

Early he said that he intended to cultivate the acquaintanceship of every student. He has won more: the enthusiasm and loyalty of the entire college.

Book One -- College

Campus

We Give Thanks--

For the silver birch and the leaves dropping from it.
For the shadow of trees on the lake at evening.
For the five tall poplars standing in stately half-circle.

For the water-falls and the sound of them.
For the grass—green, soft, and cool.
For the wind-ripples crossing the lake row after row.

For the bird notes after rain, and the strange, lovely light at dusk when the empty clouds scud from the clearing sky.
For the swift, clean cut of wings in flight.

For the delicate colors of the magnolia in spring and the flamboyant riot of sumac in autumn.
For black interlacing branches seen against a meadow white with snow.

For the coolness of a clear starred night.
For grey veils of mist and their kind concealing cover.
For the full yellow moon and turret etched against it.
For boisterous winds which buffet and noisily pass on.

* * * * * * *

For friendships briefly found and the golden remembrance of them.
For visions and dreams and the world unconquered and waiting.

—Ardath Pearson

Like a soft echo the trees along the shore find their reflection in the lake.

Through sunsprinkled avenues of trees, the spring comes on tip-toe to greet the campus once again.

Through quiet, leafy beds the brook goes singing on its way.

One of nature's bouquets creating beauty in the room of the world.

White birches, comrades of the snow, standing in calm serenity awaiting the mantle of green which spring will soon throw about their shoulders.

The Birch Tree

The birch tree stands in slender grace
In mantle wove of verdant lace,
A white robed lady of degree
Formed for the age of chivalry.

—Gladys Simonsen

Like the crystal trees of fairy-book land they stand in their shimmering coat of ice.

Hushed now, its bubbling song, the brook flows deeply in its icy bed, and none save the ears of Youth and Hope can recognize the old tune.

Sunshine and snow—a morning greeting to a busy world.

Still stand the towers upon the hill watching with old eyes the steady stream of life which daily passes within its portals.

Trees

Trees—dropping red and yellow leaves,
Bending before a north wind blast
Leaving black and barren branches
Praying for beauty.

Icy blasts coating these branches with myriads
Of diamonds sparkling
'Neath a winter sun.
Lifted arms
Thanking God for beauty.

Small green buds
Startling against the black and shiny branches,
Rustling with wind and rain and spring,
Thanking God for life.

Shiny green leaves
Sparkling with the dew of morning,
Wilting at the height of day,
Coming forth in glory in the dusk,
Cooled by night wind and promise of dew.
Lifted boughs
Thanking God for beauty.

—Margaret Hamilton

Faculty

To find for a listless spirit one
deep-lying, all empowering interest;
To reveal to a wavering ambition a
new world of ideals and possibilities;
To guide an inquiring mind toward truth,
toward realization of itself—
This is the aspiration, oftimes
the life-satisfaction, of
those who teach.

—Dora Rasmussen

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Second Grade Training Teacher

ETHEL SHATTUCK
Fourth Grade Training Teacher

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Fifth Grade Training Teacher

BENA M. PETERSON, PH. B.
Sixth Grade Training Teacher

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Fifth Grade Training Teacher

MOLLIE DUFFY, B. S.
Sixth Grade Training Teacher

AGNES R. TAGUE
Seventh Grade Training Teacher

JOHN E. MONTGOMERY
Eighth Grade Training Teacher

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Matron of Williston Hall

NORMA PEARSON
Secretary and Registrar

MRS. OLIVE JOHNSON
Bookkeeper

WILLIAM SWINBANK
Superintendent of Grounds

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Department of Music

ZIEGNER SWANSON
Instructor in Wind Instruments

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MAUDE NICHOLSON
Supervisor of Music, Glidden School

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Business Agent and Student Records

JAMES A. CLARK
Chief Engineer

ARTHUR F. JOHNSON
Head Janitor

Book Two -- Classes

Junior College

These past years—
The color years of that rose they call youth,
And no imperfection has yet crumpled the frail petals—
Lovely—these past years.

These years to come—
Years that will come to us though in forgetful, young laughter
we do not remember to entreat their coming—
What can they bring?

Only one hour of only one year
Can give a crown, or some still sweeter glory,
Happiness, or the enfolding wings of content,
A road that leads beyond the place where blue of sea and
sky are one,
Or perhaps the hour may give the power to translate mystery
from shadow into light.

Only one hour of only one year may give these things,
And there are many hours in many years.

—Gladys Simonsen

Junior College Officers

MARJORIE W. WILSON, *Treasurer*
Sycamore

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President Student Council
Norther Board
Cheer Leader
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Basketball Team, '26
Geography Club

WALTER E. MARTIN, *Secretary*
DeKalb

Norther Board

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Elmhurst

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WARREN PATTERSON, *President*
Wood River

Melodie Klub
Baseball '26
Sophomore Class President, '27, '28
Student Council, '27, '28

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Sterling

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
W. A. A. Council
Northern Illinois Staff
Basketball Team, '27, '28

GERTRUDE ALLISON
Oak Park

EDNA ALTHOF
Pearl City

HELEN V. ANDERSON
DeKalb

ELSO D. AURAND
Shannon

Baseball, '28

ESTHER D. AUSTIN
Genoa

BERTHA BARKLEY
Hinton, Iowa

Geography Club

ELSIE BASS
DeKalb

RUTH BAXTER
Elgin

Treble Clef
Cast of "Carrie Comes to College."

LAURA L. BEACH
Chicago

Gamma Alpha Sigma

EVALINE M. BEARD
DeKalb

HELENE D. BEILER
Waterman

W. A. A.
Hockey Squad

HAZEL BERG
Malta

FLORENCE M. BOGGS
Maywood

W. A. A. Council
Northern Illinois Staff
Norther Board, Joke Editor

RUTH E. BOOT

Fulton

Y. W. C. A.
Fine Arts Club
W. A. A
Hockey Team

EDWARD W. BOWER

Sheridan

Football, '26, '27
Basketball, '26-'27, '27-'28
Baseball, '27, '28
Treas. Melodie Klub, '27, '28
Vice-President Varsity Club, '27, '28
Norther Board

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Kings

Hockey Squad, '27

MRS. FRANCES PERRY BRISTOW

Chicago

President Gamma Alpha Sigma
Northern Illinois Staff

LOLA B. CAMPBELL

Minooka

MARY E. CANOVI

Ladd

W. A. A.
Y. W. C. A.

ELLA M. CARBAUGH

DeKalb

HARIETTE L. CARBINE
Stockton

JUNE E. CARLSTROM
DeKalb

Y. W. C. A.
Northern Illinois Staff
Vice-President Gamma Alpha Sigma

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Franklin Park

Y. W. C. A.

JOSEPH P. CHELI
Elburn

Baseball, '27

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Belvidere

MILDRED J. COFFEY
Esmond

DOROTHY M. COMERY
Belvidere

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Northern Illinois Staff
Hockey Team, '27, '28
Basketball, '27, '28
Baseball, '27

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Sycamore

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W. A. A. (Sweater)
Treble Clef
Gamma Alpha Sigma

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Milledgeville

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Aurora

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Y. W. C. A.

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Chicago
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W. A. A. (Sweater)
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Proctor at Williston Halll, '27

OPAL L. DENEAU
Elgin

Treble Clef
Y. W. C. A.
"Carrie Comes to College."

MARY M. DOWDALL
DeKalb

Treble Clef
W. A. A.
"Carrie Comes to College."

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Sycamore

H. A. C.

MILDRED V. DUVAL
Sycamore

ORA M. EDEN
Lee

MRS. RUBY EWERS
Erie

MIRIAM E. FERRY
Waukegan

GLENNA FITZ SIMONS

Maywood

Y. W. C. A.
W. A. A.
Gamma Alpha Sigma
Cast of "Applesauce".

MARY FLETCHER

DeKalb

VIOLET A. FRANCIS

DeKalb

HELEN M. GAGSTETTER

Sublette

Hockey Team, '24, '27
W. A. A. (Sweater)
Geography Club

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Sterling

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '28
Red Head Club

GOLDIE M. GIGOUS

Dixon

RUTH JOY GLIDDEN

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Treble Clef
Fine Arts Club
Norther Board, Art Editor

ALICE GRANVILLE
Morris

DOROTHY F. GUTHRIE
Erie

MILDRED ROSE HAFFRON
West Chicago

Editor-in-Chief Norther
Gamma Alpha Sigma
Treble Clef Librarian
Cast of "Applesauce"
Cast of "Carrie Comes to College"
Student Council

VIRGINIA E. HALIGUS
Crystal Lake

EDRIE G. HALL
Hinsdale

Basketball Squad, '28
Y. W. C. A.

MARGARET LOUISE HAMILTON
Oak Park

Treble Clef
Y. W. C. A.
Norther Board, Literary
"Carrie Comes to College"

HAZEL R. HARRISON
DeKalb

Fine Arts Club
Y. W. C. A.

RUTH M. HASSELBERG
West Brooklyn

LESLIE C. HEDBERG
Rockford

Football, 25, '26, '27
Varsity Club, '25, '26, '27
Baseball, '27

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Freshman Hockey Team
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Melodie Klub, '27, '28
Baseball Squad, '27

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Rochelle

IONE L. LYON
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Treble Clef
Y. W. C. A.
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Baseball Team, '27

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Gamma Alpha Sigma

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Basketball, '28

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Baseball, '25, '26, '27
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Geography Club
Fine Arts Club

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LEONA R. MONTGOMERY
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Gamma Alpha Sigma

GLADYS MORRILL
Mendota
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Fine Arts Club
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Basketball, '27
Baseball, '27, (Captain)
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Amboy

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Baseball

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Treble Clef, '27, '28
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W. A. A., '27, '28 (Sweater)
Baseball, '27, '28
Basketball, '27, '28

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Varsity Club
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Treble Clef

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Secretary and Treasurer Town Girls
Freshman Finance Committee
"The Patsy"
"The Lie That Jack Built"

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MYRTLE E. SWAIN
Marengo

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Sycamore

H. A. C.

MARION SWANSON
Rockford

Head Proctor Williston Hall
Secretary of Y. W. C. A.

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Leland

ETHEL A. TIMMERMAN
Palatine

GRAYCE TIMMERMAN
Palatine

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Northern Illinois Staff

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Freshman Basketball Team
W. A. A.

VIRGIL E. URCH — Geneva

Gamma Alpha Sigma

VIOLET VAN NOSTRAND — Elgin

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Social Chairman Treble Clef
H. A. C.
Operetta, '27

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Spring Valley

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Malta

Y. W. C. A.

VAUGHN L. WHITNEY
Sycamore

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DeKalb

LYDIA E. WILLIAMS — Oak Park

Gamma Alpha Sigma

LUCILE WILLRETT — DeKalb

H. A. C.
Orchestra

LOUISE A. WRIGHT — Sycamore

W. A. A.
Basketball Team, '27
Hockey Team, '27

LILLIAN A. WUBBENA — Freeport

Treble Clef
Y. W. C. A.

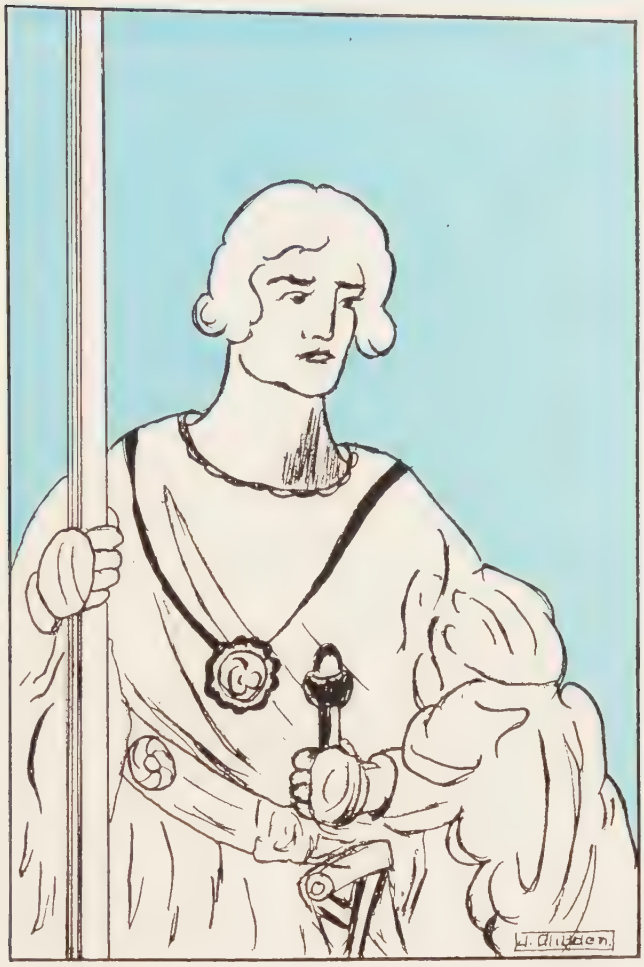
HAZEL EKDAHL — Rockford

Secretary Treble Clef
Y. W. C. A. Social Chairman

After Thoughts

N. I. S. T. C., what is it calls us back to you? Is it the beauty of our campus that we have watched around the year, gilded now by autumn brightness, now by winter's frosty touch, now by springtime's gracious promise of the summer that is to come? Is it the busy hours of work, the happy hours of play, that we would have again? Is it the thought of well spent, useful days in the training school, where with keen insight and true sympathy our training teachers helped us to become ourselves? All these it is, and more, that endears you most to us, N. I. Our thoughts will ever turn again to you with love and loyalty.

—Hertha Prehn



Senior College

A little longer are the members of the Senior College with us—long enough in many happy instances for us to find vivid personalities, to know outstanding talents, to form perfect friendships. . . .

These will soon be graduated; and in their departures we shall miss, in this one, a singing poet, in this one, a young philosopher, in that one, a fine scholar . . . . Then, when they are recalled only in memory, shall we fully realize how richly they have builded in that complex structure of experiences which is our college education.

We consider the Senior College abstractly—as an institution recently established, and still in the infancy of its development. We have seen its growing recognition, both in the school and in the field. We have been pleased to learn of the fine records that former graduates are making in the profession. A new tradition in favor of State Teachers Senior College product is being born. . . .

Just a little deeper is our interest in the Senior College.

—HAROLD OHLSON

Senior College Officers

Josephine Clogston

Vice-President
Belvidere

W. A. A. Council
Northern Illinois Staff
Student Council
Philosophy Club
Senior

Wesley Concidine

President
DeKalb

Football '24, '25, '26, '27
Captain '26
Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28,
Captain '27
Baseball '26, '27, '28
Varsity Club '25, '26, '27.
Senior Class President '28
Senior

Marie Louise Gross

Secretary and Treasurer
DeKalb

Student Council
Junior

Senior College

Helen C. Baker — Rockford

Y. W. C. A.
Course: Biology
Senior

Mae E. Brouillette — Saint Anne

Treble Clef
Vice-President Y. W. C. A.
Course: Music
Junior

William E. Cormack — Rockford

Cast of "Applesauce"
Course: Social Science
Senior

Elsie Oliva Emmert — Mt. Morris

President of Geography Club
Course: Social Science
Senior

Beva Pierson Gage — DeKalb

Northern Illinois Staff
Geography Club
Course: Social Science
Senior

Wilma G. Gilmore — DeKalb

Scribblers Club '24
Course: English
Senior

Leona M. Grebner — Sterling

Course: Home Economics
Junior

Pamella Havell

River Forest

Course: Mathematics
Junior

Aloise Henning

DeKalb

Treble Clef
President Gamma Alpha Sigma
Cast of "You and I"
Cast of "Applesauce"
Cast of "The Patsy"
Course: English
Junior

Violet R. Hoffman

Sycamore

Treble Clef
Student Activities Committee
Course: Music
Senior

Melvin S. Lindberg

DeKalb

Northern Illinois Staff
Philosophy Club
Secretary of Senior Class '26, '27
Course: Mathematics
Senior

Cecile Marshall

Berwyn

Hockey '25, '27
Course: Mathematics
Junior

Ardath Pearson

DeKalb

Northern Illinois Staff
Philosophy Club
Student Council
Course: English
Senior

Elmer C. Rich

Grays Lake

Gamma Alpha Sigma Treasurer
Varsity Club
"Applesauce"
Cheer Leader '26, '27, '28
Baseball '27, '28
Tennis '28
Northern Illinois
Course: Social Science
Senior

EVERETT L. RYAN — Irene

Geography Club
Course: Biology
Senior

FRANKLYN L. WILTSIE — DeKalb

Melodie Klub
Orchestra
Course: Music
Senior

GLADYS M. SIMONSEN — Clinton, Mo.

Norther Board
Northern Illinois Staff
Philosophy Club
Course: English
Senior

GOLDIE J. JONES — DeKalb

Hoceky '24., Captain '25
Course: Social Science
Senior

LEONARD THOMPSON — DeKalb

Course: Social Science
Senior

FRANK BALTHIS — DeKalb
Course: Mathematics
Junior

ABBIE ELLA CHARTIER — Saint Anne
Northern Illinois Staff
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
Philosophy Club
Course: French
Senior

HELEN M. JOHNSON — DeKalb
Course: Home Economics
Junior

HAROLD OHLSON — DeKalb
Editor-in-Chief of the Northern Illinois '28
Philosophy Club
Course: Mathematics
Senior

RICHARD L. TAZEWELL — Kingston
Course: Mathematics
Junior

DOROTHEA VAN PATTEN — DeKalb
Course: Social Science
Junior

No Pictures

RUTH RITZMAN — DeKalb
Course: Home Economics
Junior

MARK BIEHL — DeKalb
Course: Mathematics
Junior

WALTER CANNON — DeKalb
Course: Education
Senior

IVAN NICHOLAS — DeKalb
Course: Biology
Junior

OLIVE BLANCHE FAUST — DeKalb
Course: Music
Junior

There is a young man they call .....
Whose face all the maidens do bless.
They 'oh' and they 'ah'
And they 'oh' and they 'ah',
"We're quite smitten with .....", they confess.

A fine good true scout is our .....
She can bake "such" bran muffins and sew,
Wield a wise tennis-racket—
And wit—she 'don't' lack it—
She's a mighty fine person to know.

A preferred blonde is .....
She wears dresses short and frilly.
She can dance like a breeze
And bring men to their knees,
"They look awful silly," says .....

It sure is that you'll have to go some
To beat this man they call .....
He knows Math, he knows blondes,
He knows Art, Civics, and sounds,
He knows all that there is, does this .....

There is a young lady named .....
Who knows Math, like the very Hill Sam.
"Problems dealing with 'S' and with 'E'
Are really dead easy for me,"
As she flashes her diamond, says .....

There is a dear lady named .....
Who will always continue, you will see,
To study John Dewey
Without her mind going flooey,
A thing done by no one but .....

—Gladys Simonsen

These things are memory fragments which I shall not forget when I am gone from here—

A night green hemlock tree that still held the purple of twilight at noon, and a blue-black lacquered blackbird that posed for a moment in the twilight of the hemlock. What an artist —that blackbird!.....The janitor-man who never forgot to be my friend.....The gardener who went about straightening a petal here and there and smoothing out the wind-rumpled leaves and grasses.....One Narcissus that grew alone at the edge of the lake and saw its white bloom reflected there. One Narcissian youth stood alone at the edge of a lake in old Greece.....One whose kind and often tired eyes sympathized with my awkward fingers when they groped after music....."The lady, fair and kind—her gesture, motion, and her smile, her wit, her voice, my heart beguile" .....The harp of poplars that drew such silver-stringed music from the sky that it was like the sound of rain on water.....A very plump robin who braced his feet, leaned back on his tail and pulled on a very pink worm until the pink worm broke—and the robin fell over.....And my other friends....one knew intimately the elfin folk and yellowed-book folk—one was lured by the unusual—one had a curved smile I shall not forget—one made poems of pure music—one dared to be true to herself—one was enigmatical—one was beautiful in sadness.

I shall not forget these things.

—Gladys Simonsen

Freshmen

Freshman Officers

ROSS GUSTAFSON ..... *President*

CONSTANCE POWELL ... *Vice-President*

JOHN CONCIDINE ..... *Secretary*

Freshman Girls

Frances Adams
Bernice Atchison
Gladys Aurand
Vera Babcock
Eleanor Backus
Flora Backus
Margaret Ballou
Evelyn Barber
Della Barrett
Margaret Bartlett
Alice Bauman
Edith Baxter
Anna Beals
Elma Bedford
Kathryn Berge
Adele Beswick
Gladys Beswick
Jennie Birdel
Jeanette Bollinger
Neva Bourne
Bertha Branch
Ilene Brian
Eleanor Buckaloo
Edith Buckle
Marcella Buksas
Ruth Bullis
Faye Burmeister
Lola Campbell
Marie Cassidy
Georgian Chapman
Gavena Cheney
Grace Clark
Blanche Coffey
Winifred Colver
Catherine Conibear
Frances Conlin
Faye Cook
Harriet Cornish
Hazel Crowley
Fannie Crull
Janet Cully
Virginia Culver
Cosette Cupp
Lillian Deverall
Lois Ditzler
Rose Drobnic

Marian Dunn
Marjorie Eames
Helen Eickhoff
Dorothy Ericson
Irma Erxleben
Signe Fagerstrom
Maybel Faust
Laura Fellows
Kathryn Ferguson
Lucille Fisher
Charlotte Flanders
Margaret Flood
Zona Fogg
Loretta Foley
Arlene Frey
Mildred Gaard
Alma Getz
Dorothy Gigous
Evelyn Graf
Mary Gray
Grace Greenlee
Pearl Gross
Mildred Grush
Anna Gueffrey
Ingrid Gustafson
Catherine Hahn
Marian Hahn
Phyllis Halsey
Bessie Hansen
Gunhild Hanson
Hazel Harris
Louise Harrison
Winona Harrison
Anna Haug
Berneice Hauley
Anna Heldt
Agnes Hickey
Tessie Horve
Kathryn Huestis
Virginia Hussey
Margaret Inscho
Alice Ippen
Eleanor Jansen
Alice Johnson
Carmen Johnson
Harriet Johnson
Hazel Johnson
Isabel Johnson
Martha E. Johnson
Martha M. Johnson
Ruth Johnson
Suzanne Johnson
Dorothy Johnston
Jean Joiner
Helen Jones
Ethel Kahlke
Florence Karstens
Eva Keen
Grace Keithahn
Josephine Kelley
Cornelia King
Audrey Kiser
Mabel Knapp
Irene Koski
Sarah LaMantia
Irnen Landis
Mary Larabee
Irene Larson
Blanche Lembcke
Ruth Lindquist
Claribel Lindsay
Irya Lineck
Harriet Lundgren
Ruth McCleery
Mary McClure
Alice McConaghie
Eleanor McConaghie
Lucille McToughey
Elva McKune
Lois Milms
Arlene Merchant
Elwyna Miller
Marie Miller
Elizabeth Mischung
Alpha Moe
Sophia Moland
Lois Morsch
Alice Mulholland
Helen Nashold
Jeanette Neriem
Kathryn Nicolson

Olga Nyman
Dorothy Ogan
Johanna Ostenryk
Lucy Ovenden
Fern Pahaly
Hazel Passmore
Laura Paulsen
Myrtle Paulsen
Lena Pearson
Edith Perry
Mae Peterson
Neva Peterson
Frances Pierson
Lorraine Plapp
Corella Plumley
Gladys Portzen
Dorothy Poull
Constance Powell
Roma Rawson
Elsie Regner
Dorothy Ringler
Harriet Rippberger
Ruth Robinson
Virginia Roche
Veronica Rogers
Caroline Rohde
Lucille Roth
Martha Ruesch
Verda Rush
Virginia Ryan
Orvilla Sanderson
Elva Sauer
Helena Sauer
Ella Schaeffer
Evelyn Schlapp
Ruth Schlough
Lucille Schneider
Anna Schroedel
Ethel Schweitzer
Mary Sheitz
Mary Shoenhard
Ruth Slaymaker
Gladys Snyder
Anita Spence
Crescence Stadeble
Agnes Stangley
Maybel Stanley
Lilly Stefani
Lydia Stenstrom
Jessie Stewart
Ruth Stoudt
Virginia Strickler
Verna Swanson
Freda Swenson
Elsie Tayman
Jean Thompson
Ruth Thompson
Dorothy Timm
Ruth Vandenberg
Georgia Vasey
Marie Vogel
Emily Vogt
Helen Volkert
Alice von Ohlen
Louise Walker
Ferne Wallace
Jean Wallace
Ruby Wallin
Mary Walsh
Julia Warrington
Benita Watson
Mabel Watts
Elsie Weddige
Lauretta Weinreich
Ruth Weisman
Sylvia Wenhe
Ruth Whalen
Julia Whitacre
Iren Wiggim
Doris Wildermuth
Ruby Wille
Fern Williams
Gladys Wills
Gertrude Wiltberger
Ada Workman
Hazel Zeigler
Grace Zeigler
Catherine Ginalick

Freshman Boys

Merritt Ackland
Adolph Askeland
Edgar Bagg
Gunnar Benson
Karl Boehenhauer
John Concidine
Clark Countryman
Donald Delbridge
Robert Dennis
Richard Ehnen
Rudolph Erickson
Waino Erickson
Edward Fitzgerald
Ross Gustafson
Milton Hagman
Francis Hallisy
Clarence Henigan
Robert Honens
Everett Hurst
Wayne Irwin
Gertis Larson
Howard Lee
Royal Lewis
John McNamara
George Murphy
James Oldham
Jack Patten
Irving Peterson
Walter Petrosky
Edward Pope
Philip Romer
Joseph Ridolph
William Rimcus
George Robinson
William Roche
Mervin Schoenholtz
James Smith
Leland Strombom
Marian Whittaker
John Wise
Donald Wyman
John O'Brien

The Freshmen

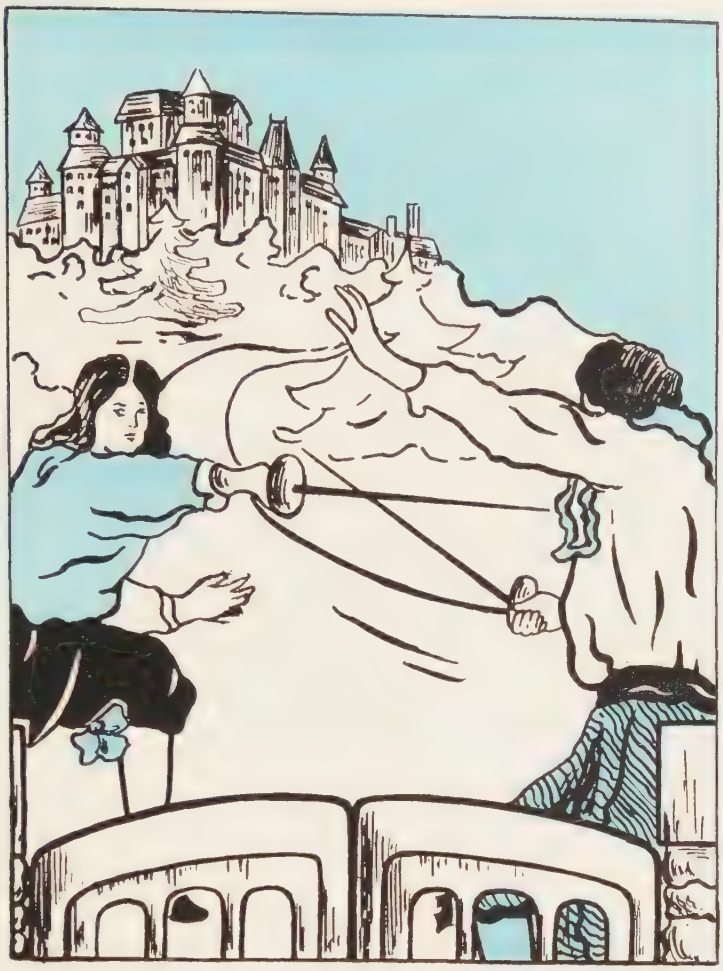
Herein is a brief account of the nature and activities of the freshman class of 1927-8. The career of this remarkable group started on September thirteenth, when several hundred would-be teachers were fighting their way to the window of the registrar. All were smilingly happy except—except those few serious, forsaken-looking children, later to be called freshmen. Each of these waifs, having deposited his ten little men and received about fourteen receipts, came away looking just a shade more self-confident. But he soon found out that the fun was just beginning. Having registered for at least three wrong classes, and twice for some classes, the chosen two hundred became full-fledged freshmen of N. I. S. T. C. The next day the fledglings were even more serious of countenance. For lo, there was no room 104! And, having climbed two sets of stairs to the topmost floor, they were convinced that there was no room 301! Could rooms disappear? However, after each freshman had honored the three wrong classes with his presence, it appeared that this year N. I. was going to have a comparatively intelligent first year class. And so thought the freshmen.

As time rolled on, the whole student body and faculty realized what an ambitious, energetic group of young people was holding down the Freshman title, and, therefore, decided to bring that promising body of students together for what the freshmen called a "meeting" to choose their "class angels" and officers. The former term does not cast any light upon the character of the individuals but rather upon their line of occupation, for they are chosen guardians of the freshman class. Oh, sweet prospect! After an intelligent casting of ballots, the "angels" appointed were Miss Hupprich and Mr. Lyon, and the class officers—President, Ross Gustafson; Vice-President, Constance Powell; Secretary-Treasurer, John Concidine.

After that, the meetings were few and far between. They consisted chiefly of urgent requests, "Pay your dues", and reminders, "Dues are still due". There was little other activity within the class until preparations for the Freshman Party. A last sad drive was made for dues and then, on March sixteenth, the party, a Freshman success, furnished a night of Freshman entertainment for students and faculty. This marked an end of the social activities of the class. With the rest of the school, they enjoyed the good times offered throughout the year, especially the week of spring vacation. They are looking forward eagerly to the time when they will become sophomores. More power to them!

—*John Concidine*

Book Three -- Organizations



Men's Athletics

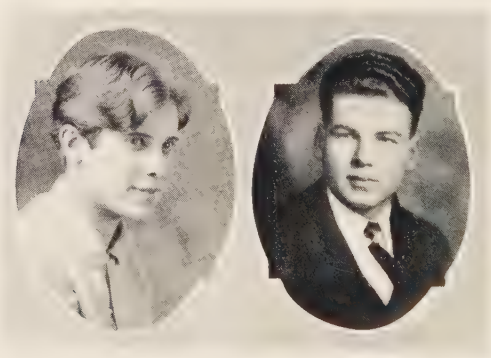
Coach Cowell

Everyone should know the coach as the fellows who have gone out every night and worked with him know him. To them he is a friend and leader. He has helped them acquire a spirit of good sportsmanship that will stay with them all through life. His enthusiasm and persevering interest in the development of a winning team despite great odds, marks him as a man of strong character well worthy of being coach of N. I. So we thank you, Coach Cowell. And here's to better and greater successes.

—Newell Miller

Finnegan Silverstone Murphy

Coach Cowell was fortunate in having managers like Finnegan, Martin, and Silverstone. These men were efficient hard-workers, and their excellent management won for them many friends at N. I.



"Peg" "Curly"

Now that almost everyone else has had his share of the shouting, let's give nine "big ones" for N. I.'s Cheer Leaders, "Curly" Rich and "Peg" Wilson. Their enthusiasm was always inspiring and helped the team win many games.

"Smoke"

"Nick"

Captain Howard "Big Bill" Larson was a mighty hard working Swede. Although handicapped by injuries for a greater part of the season, he was in there fighting every minute when directing the team.

Captain Ivan Nicholas proved himself to be a very capable leader. As one of the four-year men on the team, he certainly "knew his footballs". We'll "sure" miss him next year when he goes out to teach.

—Edward Bower

Top Row—Swanson, Newgren, Erickson, Hedberg, Hansen, Hagman, Murphy, Miller, Wiltse.
Second Row—Hotchkiss, Tazewell, Shoenholtz, Ridolph, Nicholas, Larson, Concidine, MacNamara, McCray, Berg
Bottom Row—Finnegan, Mgr.; Martin, Cone, Riddelsberger, Silverstone, Petrosky, Strombom, Bower, Hoyt, Rimeus, Coach Cowell

Season Schedule

Ypsilanti	25	N. I. S. T. C.	6
Valparaiso	2	N. I. S. T. C.	12
Chicago "Y"	18	N. I. S. T. C.	13
Iowa Teachers	20	N. I. S. T. C.	6
Milwaukee	0	N. I. S. T. C.	0
Indiana Normal	27	N. I. S. T. C.	12
Opponents	112	N. I.	49

Won 1; Tied 1; Lost 4

Biehl, Murphy, Patterson, MacNamara, Huntzicker, Riddlesberger, Larson, Bower, Silverstone, Concidine, Pres.; Finnegan, Swanson, Hagman, Ridolph, Tazewell, Cheli, Donnelly, Wiltse

Varsity Club

What is this Varsity Club? What does it stand for? Who is a Varsity man? A Varsity man is one who earns an N. I. letter in football, basketball, baseball, or track. The Varsity Club has as members the men of the school who are willing to toil, night after night, in order that they may ably represent old N. I. on the field of battle. In return they receive only the real joy and satisfaction of knowing that they have done their best.

Although the Varsity Club has not been very active this year, the members are planning great "doings" for the Club next year. The Club will take possession of the new gym and the men's building and, if rumors are correct, will make one of these their regular meeting place. These men are the ones who have shown the N. I. spirit and they should be leaders, not only in athletics, but in school life.

—Edward Bower

Smoke, quarterback; Finnegan, Mgr.; Nick, quarterback; Chub, halfback; Cone, halfback; Rimeus, halfback

The Season in Football

As we look back over the 1927 football season and review the games, we notice with pride the magnanimous manner in which our team won and lost.

The fellows will remember that long ride to Ypsilanti, Michigan, for their first game. They started early in the morning and arrived about six in the evening. The next morning the air had the snap of a perfect football day. The Michigan Teachers College had an excellent gridiron and all of N. I.'s padded warriors felt fine. It was their first game of the season. But old man Bad Luck seemed to follow them that day and during the first few minutes' play, two of N. I.'s linemen were out with sprained knees. "Red" Hedberg, the trusty center, and "Rudy" Silverstone were the victims. It was a bad break for N. I. and handicapped the team the rest of the game. With Bower at center the "Cards" attempted a rally, and in the second half a pass from Rimeus to Petrosky netted a touchdown. The game ended 25 to 6.

When the coach called roll for the Valparaiso game, there were still several "Charley-horses" among the squad, but their spirit was not lacking as the final score plainly told. Playing the game on a gridiron something

Erickson, tackle; Tazewell, halfback; Hanson, tackle; Newgren, end; Wiltsie, halfback; Miller, guard

Tony, end; Wes, end; Cully, end; Berg, halfback; McCray, halfback; Hotchkiss, halfback; Shoenholtz, halfback

like a stubble field, the N. I. warriors held the Indiana Eleven to a 12 to 2 score.

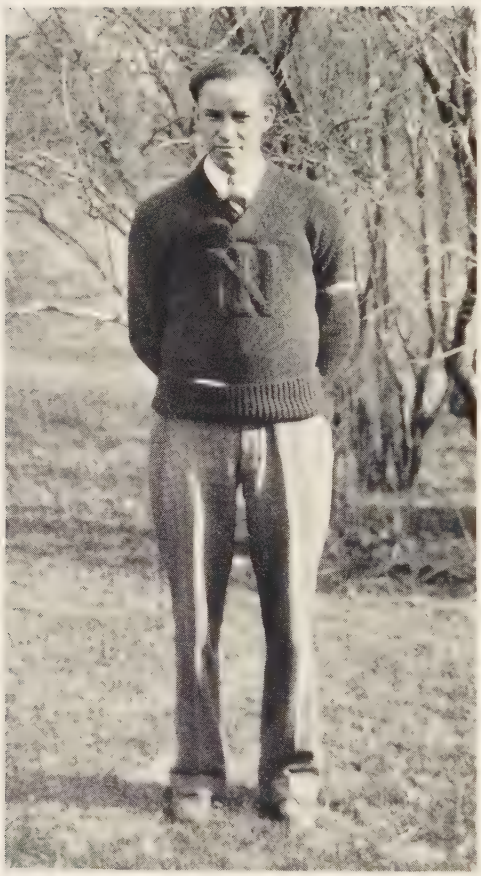
With Coach Cowell's eleven somewhat elated by their recent victory, N. I. was ready for its next game with Chicago "Y" College. Rimcus and Cone tore through, around, and over their opponent's line for most of the gains, but the Chicagoans came out victors with an 18 to 13 score.

The fourth game of the year, with Iowa State Teachers, was looked upon as a "tough" one. They were a much larger school and their football record had been an enviable one. Although our team fought hard and made brilliant gains, they were outplayed 20 to 6 by the Hawkeye Eleven.

Then came the greatest game of the year, the annual homecoming brawl with Milwaukee. Played in a sea of mud before a large crowd of Alumni, this game, considering the weather, was exceptionally fast and hard fought. The game resolved itself into a kicking duel with little advantage to either side and ended 0 to 0.

After another long trip the squad arrived in Terre Haute, Indiana, for their last game. Things went well for N. I. in the first half. "Stewie" Cone made the first touchdown for N. I. through the line and a 35 yard pass from Rimcus to Concidine in the second half made our 12 points. The game ended 27 to 12. —MILLER

Ridolph, center; Hoyt, center; Bower, center; Scummy, tackle; Riddlesberger, guard; Silverstone, guard



"Tuck"

"Tuck" proved himself a wonderful leader and a man among men. He was handicapped by a bad knee but was always "in there and fighting". His quick thinking and fighting spirit was responsible for the strong morale of the team. The student body could never say die with "Tuck" at the helm. May N. I. always be as fortunate in her choice of leaders.

—Albert Rosier

Teachers College Tournament

Friday and Saturday, the tenth and eleventh of February, were eventful days in "Old Normal" at Bloomington. These days were the dates set for the first basketball tournament of the teachers colleges of Illinois. The DeKalb quintet made the one-hundred thirty mile trip Thursday, February ninth, in the cars of the players.

Our first game, against Normal University saw us emerge victorious, 35-16. However, in our next game, with the strong Carbondale five, we were not so fortunate, losing the fray, 39-20. Next, N. I. took a hard-fought loss from Macomb. This was an upset, since Macomb had been beaten by Charleston in the morning. This eliminated our boys from championship honors, but the sportsmanship displayed by the Cardinals was not be excelled.

Carbondale came through the tournament with a 35-18 win over Charleston, and a 36-31 victory over the Westerners. Saturday evening was the high peak of the journey because the tension was over, and everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost. Many faculty members were present at the tourney, as well as a good-sized group of students. Although we did not win the championship, we enjoyed the trip, the tournament, the subsequent card games, and the sights of Bloomington. As the saying goes—"A good time was had by all", and the memory of that Bloomington trip will linger long in the minds of those who were present.

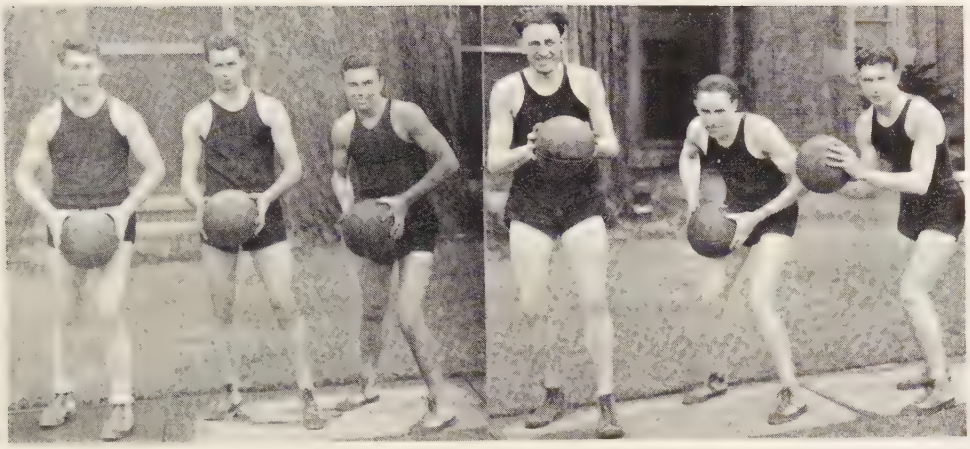
—John Wise

Back Row—Nicholas, Strombom, Rosier, Hansen, Biehl, Concidine, Bower
Front Row—Manager Silverstone, Larson, Petrosky, Huntzicker, (Captain); Swanson, Rimcus, Coach Cowell

Season Schedule

Aurora	23	N. I.	54
Arkansas Aggies	30	N. I.	52
St. Viator	20	N. I.	17
Armour	22	N. I.	33
Mt. Morris	27	N. I.	38
Aurora	27	N. I.	34
Ypsilanti	29	N. I.	42
St. Viator	28	N. I.	29
Armour	25	N. I.	27
Wheaton	23	N. I.	25
Mt. Morris	27	N. I.	28
Augustana	28	N. I.	26
Wheaton	25	N. I.	29
Opponents	357	N. I.	434

Won 11 Lost 2



Bower, guard; Tony, forward; Rimcus, forward; Hansen, guard; Tuck, forward; Wes, guard

Review of the Basketball Season

The N. I. basketball team has finished another year of basketball with an enviable record. In sixteen games played during the season twelve victories were garnered by the "Profs".

The season opened with the Teachers scoring a 54 to 23 victory over Aurora College. The Arkansas Aggies fell before the fast work of the DeKalb quintet by an equally large score.

The next game with St. Viator's proved a stumbling block to the "Profs". After trailing by a wide margin during the first half, a last quarter rally was started by the "Profs" but fell short. The final score was 20 to 17.

Armour, Mt. Morris, Aurora, and Ypsilanti failed to stop the fast working "Cards". Then St. Viator's came to DeKalb to play the return game. They again gained a large lead during the first half, by an 18-9 score. In the second half "Ace" Huntzicker cut loose with basket after basket from all angles of the floor, cutting Viator's lead to a very slim margin. As the whistle blew, another basket from the center of the floor beat St. Viator's by a 29-28 score, a game that will be long remembered at old N. I.

Nick, forward; Rosier, center; Smoke, forward; Scummy, guard; Mark, center; Cully, forward

The next game with Armour was won through the old headwork of "Racey" Concidine. The score was 27-25.

At the tournament of the state teachers colleges held at Bloomington, the "Profs" played in poor form, losing two of their three games. Better luck next year!

Wheaton and Mt. Morris were the next victims of the "Profs"—Wheaton going down 25-23, and Mt. Morris 28-27.

The "Cards" lost a heartbreaker to Augustana at the Township High School gymnasium. With N. I. assuming a comfortable lead during the first half, the game looked like a certain victory. But "Auggie", with a great second period rally, forged ahead winning 28-26. The "Profs" closed the season with a 29-25 victory over Wheaton.

Next year we shall find the "Profs" in the new gymnasium. May they be equally successful in their new court as they have been on the old gym floor.

—"Tuck"

Baseball of '27

The N. I. baseball "nine", led by Captain "Duke" Norton, was hampered by unfavorable weather conditions. Outdoor practice started very late and was intermittent in character because of the untimely weather, snow, and rain. Seven games were carded, one of which was cancelled because of rain. One game with Armour Tech was called off on account of a blizzard. However, the N. I. squad twice defeated Aurora College, 6-4, 5-4. The Teachers College "nine" met defeat at the hands of Armour Tech, Chicago "Y" College, and Concordia.

Only five veterans were available for the '27 squad. These were:

"Duke" Norton, Captain and pitcher.
Leonard Thompson, pitcher.
Ritzman, who gained his reputation in the garden.
Concidine.
"Tuck" Huntzicker, who was unable to play for the greater part of the season on account of injuries.

The remaining personnel of diamond artists included:

Vieregg, second base.
Jahns, short stop.
Martin, third base
Bower, left fielder
Eide, right fielder.

—LEONARD THOMPSON, *Captain '26*

Women's Athletics

Edith Bond Mabel Hupprich

MISS BOND:

Effectiveness of speech
Self-control
Economy of time and energy
Leadership
Forcefulness
Self-reliance
Physical skill
Judgment
Dependability
Capacity to delegate work

MISS HUPPRICH:

Sociability
Discrimination
Adaptability
Originality
Regard for others
Cheerfulness
Persistence and patience
Appreciation of the beautiful
Industriousness
Ambition

Total: the one hundred percent Recreational Director

"Gert" Mary

All of us follow leaders. In hockey we gladly followed our leaders, for they were girls who knew just where to place teammates at the crucial moment of the game. Mary led the "Frosh" to the first victory over the "Sophs" last fall. But the "older sisters" were not to be daunted. The second and third games of the match proved that in "Gert" the "Sophs" had a real captain. To both we give a toast. May another year show as good leaders.

Back Row—Wildenradt, DeBower, Comery, Shultz, Gagstetter, Boot
Front Row—Wilson, Ritzman, Havell, Mahoney, Peterson, Marshall

Back Row—Gigous, Gray, Powell, Shoenhard, Walsh
Front Row—Clark, Slaymaker, Roth, von Ohlen, Wallin, McConaghie, Bollinger

"Jo" Jean

Jean proved herself a leader. But to look at her—it would seem that the baskets were too high. However, great things come in small packages! She was always "right there, playing the game".

Another was Jo. Never did a girl play with such ease. It isn't a wonder then, is it, that Jo was selected to lead the "Sophs" to victory? She "played up, played up, and played the game".

May the girls of N. I. always be as fortunate in having such leaders as Jo and Jean.

Back Row—Comery, DeBower, Wildenradt, Allen
Front Row—Havell, Mahoney, Clogston, Courtney, Ritzman

Back Row—Jones, Backus, Karstens, von Ohlen, Clark
Front Row—Slaymaker, Stoudt, Bollinger, Drobnic

Top Row—Jones, Allen, Babcock, Flanders, Peterson, Bollinger, Walsh, Slaymaker, Boot
Third Row—Gagstetter, Powell, King, Drobnic, Havell, Courtney
Second Row—Shultz, Tippett, Gigous, Clark, von Oblen, Fagerstrom, Prehn
Bottom Row—Mahoney, Wallin, Trimble, Wiidenradt, Johnston

What W. A. A. Offers You

If you like hockey, try your skill playing wing, center, half-back, full-back, or even flat on your back—in the mud.

If you enjoy basketball, improve your ability and perchance become a famous lady-cager.

If you're keen on baseball, show up on a spring-like day and crack out a few three-baggers and a home-run or two.

If you dream of trans-Atlantic swims, train in our swimming pool.

If you long for festivity, drop in at initiation or W. A. A. week-end.

If you enjoy athletics, practice good sportsmanship, and hold physical fitness as worth-while, W. A. A. welcomes you and offers you the chance to achieve an honor sweater, prized by every member as a symbol of her achievement.

—Helen Gagstetter

Shultz, Clogston, Mahoney, MacKenzie, Johnston, Wildenradt

A Sweater Girl in Reverie

Each row of knitting in my sweater holds memories of work and play as a W. A. A. girl at N. I.

Here's a row that stands for blisters which I developed the first few hikes I took.

This represents two pairs of shoes worn beyond repair from touching mother earth between school and the viaduct.

Oh how proud I am of this line which speaks of many "No Thanks" I said one quarter when any one said "Have some candy."

These rows show hours of trying to knock a hockey ball across the field and sometimes through a pig's paradise; of attempting to put a basket ball in a basket; of endeavoring not to act too much like a feeble minded monkey in a volley ball game; of striving to knock a "homer"; of undertaking not to look too much like the picture of the animal on a condensed milk can, or not to resemble the Friday specialty in the meat market as it acts in the water.

Oh, yes, it was a lot of work, but it was worth it. I think being a W. A. A. girl has made me a better sport.

—Florence Boggs

Baseball

On a cool, crisp spring day when living green things push through dark brown earth, even the robins pause from their listening for worms and busy squirrels lift inquiring bushy tails to gaze with interest on the activities of the campus. At one end of the girls' athletic field earnest archers shoot at colorful targets while in the center of the field, the great American sport of baseball is in full swing.

Poised, ready to throw, the pitcher sends a neat curve over the plate or throws a bit wildly and the umpire announces "Ball one!" but it matters little. The batter hits a fly, or a grounder, or nothing at all, but that does not matter either. The catcher may catch the ball, or miss it; the fielder may hold the ball, or fumble it; the runner may get home, or be tagged; all of these things are of minor importance. The thing that counts is the spirit of goodwill among the players. There is plenty of laughter and jolly good fun in this baseball. There are no "sides" because the players all play together. When the umpire says, "Strike three. You're out", there are no scowls. What matter if the score be an uneven one? Everyone, loser and winner, has added something to her strength of body, swiftness of movement, quickness of thought, and good nature.

The bell rings; the squirrel contemplates the retreating athletes thoughtfully for a moment and scampers away; the robin goes about its business, and everyone has had a good time.

—Josephine Clogston

Tennis

The flash of a racket in the sun—a speeding sphere of white—gay, challenging shouts ringing across the court—the heat of a summer sun—the thrill of a game lost or won—that's tennis!

See that serve go soaring over the net; the lazy swing, and return with a "wicked cut on it; the merciless, crashing volley after volley that with perverse persistence sends the white sphere flashing back and forth across the net, only to end in a mis-strike which drops the ball—O, breathless suspense!—just outside the court.

"And so,—far, far into the night". At last Apollo in his shining chariot reaches the horizon and transforms a towering yellow brick building into a brilliant dash of color and winks at the perversity of youth who scamper hither and yon after a small white ball, only to send it crashing against the court again. As the last rays of a setting summer sun illumine a fast-darkening world, a gay group troop down the hill and scatter—to meet another day on the tennis court.

—Ruth Ritzman

Archery

We have at N. I. many fair coeds who will undoubtedly make their mark in this world, for have we not seen them out upon the green, diligently trying to hit the bull's eye?

Archery bids fair to be the most popular sport at N. I. this spring. Perhaps its popularity is due to the newness of the sport at our school, or might not the fact that this is leap year have something to do with the desire to acquire skill with the bow and arrow? Be that as it may—the fact remains that archery is popular, and the budding young emulators of Robin Hood are hard at it, with their enthusiasm only slightly dampened by the hikes taken out West Lincoln Highway when the weather and the field were unfit for practice at the target.

Some have already worked up a fair degree of skill at hitting the mark, but of course there are always times when flying arrows do not go where they were aimed. So, take a bit of advice—do not lurk too near the target, lest one of those feathered darts make you its mark.

—Hertha Prehn

Volleyball

Enthusiasm + Endeavor

—Discouragement

×

Perseverance

÷

The Net = Good Sportsmanship

—Alice Allen

The Dancing Class

As they are:

Now rolling over on the floor,
Wishing their muscles not so sore;
Wriggling to rhythm slow—
May they less awkward grow.

As they dream of being:

As flowers that to soft zephyrs bow,
So seem the dancers to us now;
As in a garden fair
We see them dancing there.

All rainbow hues their costumes show,
In graceful movements, swift or slow,
While with their joyous dance
Beholders they entrance.

—Hertha Prehn

Swimming

A smooth expanse of water
Shining clear all through—
And the color, was it azure
Or a lovely, lovely blue?

Such a sparkling bit of water
Should have surroundings fair,
Here, some graceful willows,
There, shrinking violets rare.

Some such lovely bits of nature
Should surely here be nigh;
But we gaze upon the water
And sigh, and sigh, and sigh.

For willows, there are walls of drab;
For violets, girls in gray;
Instead of breezes, find we here
Hair driers, oft in play,

Our mermaids all wear colored caps,
According to their skill.
And when Miss Bond says, "Try this stroke",
They say, "We can, and will!"

Oh, they are champion swimmers,
As you may plainly see.
They are under fine direction,
And they like.....the scenery!

—Constance Powell

School Life

Its Compensations

Compensations? Lesson plans that worry one to death; critic teachers who tower so far above one that one stands, trembling, in their shadow; children who look so intelligent that one dreads to ask them a question—how can a poor student-teacher find compensations? The student who lives through the writing of plans, who cooperates with critics, who endeavors to share in the experiences of children, and fails to find compensations—does she exist? During her first term of student teaching she admits that her dream of achievement, her love for the profession, her long years of waiting have brought her to an uncompromising reality. But it is association with room teachers, who at every turn, are there with loyal help and friendly interest, that gives light amid the darkness. It is the look of awakened interest, of aroused ambition, of new visions shining in a child's uplifted eyes, that give a student-teacher faith to press on toward new visions of her own. To those who can read their remuneration in the happy eyes of children, in the dreams and aspirations they have helped to form, and in the ring of determination and courage in the voices of pupils, student-teaching is full of richest, satisfying compensations. And their hope is to be able always to recognize the reward and to grow worthy of it.

—Erma Hobbs

Student Teaching

Every student before he is graduated spends a quarter of a day for two terms in student teaching. This is the means, so we are told, by which we are 'trained to react properly to the situations which arise in the normal school room.'

The first few days of this experience seem long—and endless—because we are not sure of ourselves or the way the class will respond to us. But after we become accustomed to the little group in which we are interested, we learn to respond with some efficiency to the situations which may arise. We learn to laugh when Dan informs us that he isn't going to get married 'cause all the women are lazy; when Carl says that a saint is an Irishman, or when Harold asks how much gasoline it would take to fly around the world. We learn, also, to respond naturally to criticism and to accept gratefully the suggestions offered us, knowing that the training teacher is not placed over us for the purpose of finding fault, but to guide us in the right way. We even get over being "fussed" when a stranger visits our class.

We are glad for our student teaching—for the contacts that we make, for the problems that we confront. We know that they prepare us for our future contacts and our future problems—even to face the superintendents with uprightness and a determination to "see the thing through with a measure of success."

—Alice Granville

Our Viewpoint

The Rural Teachers

To all of us it has been four years since we attended a rural school. To many, more than four years. How familiar and yet how different. Before, we were the pupils to be taught. Now, we are the teachers, to teach. We are glad that we may have our first practice in teaching, under supervision. To be able to have someone to go to when we are in trouble—for we meet the real rural problems in our practice work—and to be sure of reliable advice is a great help. Our interest and enthusiasm is aroused and we leave school full of enthusiasm and a zeal to advance rural schools to the utmost.

—Alice McConaghie

Marjorie Wilson, President Ardath Pearson, Secretary Marie Gross Josephine Clogston
Walter Martin Mark Biehl Warren Patterson
Lorene Crum George Murphy Mildred Haffron Grace Clark

Student Council

To foster student fellowship and inter-class relations, to stimulate student activities, and to promote all-school interests—these have been the aims of the Student Council.

The Student Council is a new organization. It was but a year old February 28, 1928, and it has as yet hardly found its niche among the other groups. This year, although the representatives were chosen from classes, the choice was so made that every student organization was represented. In this way all student interests have been cared for and all student groups have had a voice in the general student council.

There is a big place in a school system for such an organization as a student council. It should be the main spring of all activity, and the source and impetus of student movements for maintaining and raising the standards of the institution. Such an organization this student council has endeavored to be.

—Ardath Pearson

"Gen Ex"

"Oh say, did you bring my mail?" "What's the news?" "Look, Mr. LeVitt got a hair cut." "Wasn't Psych. awful this morning?" "Mr. Wright has a new tie." Is Miss Hupprich letting her hair grow?" "I'm gonna flunk this Comp. and 'tain't my fault neither." "Hey you, is that thirteenth question true or false?"

The bell rings, and from the lively chatter we drift into the calming strains of "Flow gently, sweet Afton." The faculty either seem to believe every word of the song, or they are a group of clever actors. You never, anywhere, saw such a solemn group of singers. By the time we have reached the third stanza we believe the song ourselves. No matter how noisy we have been, the thought of Mary asleep somewhere on Afton always has the desired effect. We settle down quietly for the rest of the hour, ready to listen to matters concerning "the family", and to observe what is going to happen.

It is amusing to watch the effects of the talks upon the rest of the faculty. We know exactly when Mr. Lyon is going to chuckle or when Mr. Parson will look amused; we can tell when Miss Wheeler is going to smile and when Miss Mann wlil look incredulous; we know when the librarians will suppress something remotely related to a giggle, or when the Psychology instructors will glare at each other with that "Didn't I tell you?" look. We know when Mr. Wright will mop his brow, or when Miss Merritt will adjust her glasses.—We cannot picture Gen Ex without these little side-performances.

The features of Gen Ex have been many and varied this year. We have had good times. Many visitors have spoken to us, and if we weren't such sensible people who realize that visitors often use the same talks over, we could almost feel conceited about some of the things said to us. The talks and features have been an inspiration to the ambitious, a spur to the laggard, and a source of enjoyment to us all. Out of them has grown a feeling of comradeship between us and a desire to make our school the best in the land. They have strengthened in us that spirit so vital in school life, the spirit of service to others, the spirit of old N. I.

—Anna E. Schroedel

Nu Iota Pi

There are two aspects to the work of the staff of The Northern Illinois: one, purely journalistic and business-like; the other, social. The first is evidenced at staff meetings and gatherings where the mechanical end of paper publishing is cared for; the second at the regular monthly social gathering of the Nu Iota Pi. In reality, these two aspects of the work are never separate. Tuesday afternoon when make-up is in progress in The Northern Illinois office, not only does the work of proof-reading, head-writing, and page make-up go on apace, but it does so to the accompaniment of no little amount of persiflage and bandinage.

The staff takes its work seriously, but not too seriously to allow for enjoyment of the work in the doing of it. As with the work so with the reward of work. The staff has acquired valuable journalistic experience, but it has had, too, much fun.

Several changes have been instituted during the past year. A point system has been successfully put into operation with key awards based on the number of points earned during the year. The staff has moved into larger quarters in the old biology museum where among the stuffed fowl and frog anatomies, it has endeavored to produce a shining bit of journalism. Next year it is promised an office of its own with adequate equipment. In the meantime the erstwhile museum is a welcome refuge to the journalists.

The staff looks back with justifiable pride on the undertakings it has successfully accomplished this year. Early in the fall a school directory was published; a nonsense issue, known familiarly now as the Grapefruit Edition, was put out in the winter; and the second annual Griff Book, the first of its kind among teachers colleges, was published this spring. The paper was entered in two competitive contests, one at Columbia, and the other at Decatur. In the former, a nation-wide contest, the paper was ranked second of all the teachers colleges' papers. Last year the publication was awarded a cup and second place in the state contest at Peoria, in which papers of all colleges were entered.

But the activities of the staff have not all been strictly journalistic. The staff has at all times cooperated with other organizations in furthering the interests of the institution. Late in the spring it sponsored a Stunt Show in which various organizations of the school participated.

All of these enterprises were made possible by the unfailing help and guidance of Russell G. Gage, faculty adviser, who has given of his time unsparingly and whose inspiration has been never failing. Mr. Gage's vision for a representative paper for the present and future has never swerved from its ideal of service to the best interests of the college.

The year was closed with the annual banquet at which the Nu Iota Pi keys were awarded to the faithful for their year of toil and of enjoyment.

—Ardath Pearson

Music

Music . . . . . .
Music is ecstacy—
That ecstacy which makes a wind at night,
blowing,
Catch at your heart.

Music is wonder—
That wonder which turns a white flower into
silver from the moon
And broken desires into saddened silences.

Music is beauty—
That beauty which is eager to enfold you
And at last to make a vibrant violin of your soul.

—Gladys Simonsen

Treble Clef

"Have you tried out yet?" "Aren't you scared?" "I'm so nervous I can't sing a note." Such were the whispered bits of talk heard in the corridors during the early fall when aspiring, timid vocalists shakily sang their do-re-mis for Treble Clef try-outs. When the fortunate list was posted, forty-five eager singers were happy to work their hardest every Monday evening when the Music Room echoed with such melodies as "I passed by your window when the morning was red," "O Irish hills that bask 'neath skies of azure", or the lilting "Love is like a firefly". Gaily did their hearts romance along with their voices when singing

"The gypsy blood is all astir,

I must go on the wanderer's way"

or

"Sound of silver cymbal, cymbal,

Tambourine and tymbal, tymbal".

They did not sing for themselves alone. At Christmas time they enjoyed their share with the Community Chorus in presenting Handel's magnificent "Messiah". During early May the Clef presented an evening concert of joyous and melodious compositions whose themes expressed the beauty and wonder of spring.

Amid the fluttering hearts of a St. Valentine's Party at Williston Hall the club members showed that they knew how to enjoy their play-times as well as their sing-times. Mr. Annas was the understanding guide of these recreational times as well as during the "ups and downs" and "offs and ons" of their work times, for the girls will happily recall the afternoon of bridge which they enjoyed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Annas.

—Laura Tobyne

Ye Melodie Club

And have you heard them—those noisy energetic college melodians, the Melodie Klub? Such melody, such harmony, such tremolo! There were basses whose tones closely resembled a deep snore, or a small sawmill; there were tenors whose ranges were narrow; and there were the rest, weak and discordant at first but—promising. Falsetto and flats vanished, volume increased, song flourished, and harmony began!

"Red" Wiltsie led them as President, "Eddie" Bower, Miller, and Culver ran his errands; and none other than Dean Annas drew forth those stirring chords as accompanist. The membership was large, able, and interested. Such a personnel demanded progress and the Klub met the call squarely. "We'll set Trelawney free" was but a partial indication of their power to free, for the surprising increase in volume as the green members acclimated themselves was little short of remarkable.

To be sure the organization was musical yet it developed other interests. It led in the social activity of the men of N. I., "throwing" the big St. Patrick Hop of the year and featuring in the Stunt Show in the spring quarter. The Klub was there—full of sharps, flats, and fun—the year 'round.

Realizing that "the reach should exceed the grasp" they left the tour of Michigan for the future and refrained from a too frequent public appearance. But their progress was steady; the training increased their ability and their pleasure, and the Klub stands out as a worthy one in the school life. May it continue to prosper as the outlet of enthusiasm and discord.

—James L. Smith

Orchestra and Band

"Violins all tuned up? Cornets—? Flutes—?—All ready?" Tap! Tap! "Let's go!" And with a flourish of the baton we are carried off on another journey through music-land.

Perhaps this time it is a dreamy Mozart waltz through which the violins sob, and trill the melody, with now and then a silence and then a ripple of sound from the flutes, as if in after-thought. Or it may be a light, fanciful thing—a gavotte from an old master—calling again for the singing violins.

Perhaps it is a majestic overture from Tanhauser, lifting the soul of the true music-lover to heights of ecstacy through sheer beauty and perfection of composition, and calling for absolute synchronization of every instrument. Or perhaps it is a rollicking, frolicking tune through which the violins lilt and sing a song of eternal spring and sunshine—or a march by Sousa which fills the air with the joyous trill of the flutes, the eager shouts of the trumpets and trombones.

The sweet voice of the flute, the mellow tone of the trombone, the throbbing timbre of the violin, the clarion-call of the trumpet—all unite to make music—that which takes us from our everyday hum-drum existence and transports us into a kaleidoscopic land of melody where sometimes stately ladies tread the minuet, sometimes gayly dressed cadets march by on parade, or sometimes fairies dance in the silver moonlight.

—Ruth Ritzman

Social Life

Dorm Life

The dorm girl's life—study with loads of fun. Raids on the kitchen for ice cream and cake—and—oh yes—almonds—(we did find where they were kept, didn't we!) and don't forget the punch (we had our share—and, maybe, we enjoyed it more than the dancers). Secret spreads—(sh! here comes the proctor) solitary confinement (and study) for two weeks. Serenades—how we do enjoy them. Storming the mail boxes for a letter from—? Home runs to get in by ten-thirty. Marathon races to get ready for breakfast in five minutes (practice makes perfect!). Stealthy glances from a darkened room into a darkened car—and remember the nights when "congratulations were in order". The dorm girl's life is indeed study (need we mention it?), seasoned with comradeship.

—Alice Granville

Top Row—Crum, Stedman, Rasmussen, Glidden, Deneau, Hamilton
Third Row—Uribbena, Morrill, Gagstetter, Boggs, Allen, Hasselberg
Second Row—Tippett, Lickhard, Haligus, Granville, Emmert, Johnston, Kadel
Bottom Row—Gerber, Ekdahl, Rieger, Swanson, Mrs. Crays, Shultz, Gigous, Prehn

Senior Honor Residents

To be invited back as a Senior Honor Resident—that is the hope of every freshman. As the time for election draws near, each girl anxiously sums up her good and bad points to see how the mysterious jury will decide. Has she proved herself worthy to come back? That question involves many others. Has she been spoken to for being noisy after seven-thirty? Oh, sometimes. Has she had a clothes-line in her room, or pasted up pictures? Has she moved beds? Been up for late spreads or other escapades? Had "solitary" or been "campused"? Well—oh, she hasn't been so *very* bad. Has she been loyal? Yes, she has tried to be.

But the joy and fun of the "dorm" is not to be put into words. It must remain as memory in the hearts of the Senior Residents.

—Dora Rasmussen

As A Town Girl Sees Them

Did you notice her? She's a dorm girl. You may know her by that pep. The entire group has unusual enthusiasm in school activities,—studies, too. Besides this contagious interest in everything, they have an accumulated capital of learning. And they're easy to look at. Why, they wear clothes as if they really belonged to them!

Some sage male said that women can not pull the same way. Here is a group to knock down this theory. Organization and cooperation rule among them to the extent that they are noisily superior to other groups in many phases of college life. Yet each is an individual different from anyone else. That is why they all have their many friends among the town girls. Look how splendidly they entertained them at their Hallowe'en party! They like people—beaux, too. If you see a girl intent upon reading a letter bearing a fraternity seal, before the professor fires the first question in an eight o'clock class, she's most likely a dormite.

—Doris Wildermuth

Town Girls

Can you tell a town girl? She is interesting because she is "different". The town girl is independent. The straight carriage of her body, her get-some-where walk, the determination in her eyes, disclose her spirit. Perhaps she lives with other girls in a miniature apartment with a two-by-four kitchenette. After the opening of several cans and the noisy rattling of paper sacks, they have great, gorgeous fun in a "give-and-take" over the tea-cups and sandwiches. This girl has an eye for dust. She creates themes while she plays "rabbit" with the vacuum-sweeper. There are books, books, and more books in the bedroom. It is the nook of learning where so much energy is released in push and pull writing and brain delving studies. How scintillated the room becomes with wisdom and what-not as one and another breaks forth with a gleam of brilliancy. Her life is her own; she is free to live the way she wants to live.

There is the capable girl who plays music on the typewriter and files records and records in the office, besides being ready to advance an answer in the classroom. She lives a varied, full life, acting in community affairs and predominating in college functions. She does so many things, she is in so many activities that one wonders how she manages. These off-campus coeds are saturated with knowledge of Pressey mental tests and geometrical theorems as well as triumphing in correct cosmetics and dress details. If you want to know some really distinctive personalities, make acquaintance with some of our town girls. —Doris Wildermuth

Geography Club

The monthly meetings of the Geography Club have brought interesting experiences and much information to its members. It is an organization with the purpose of promoting a greater interest in the world in which we live.

Even though we may think that Northern Illinois State Teachers College is the most interesting place for us, we feel the call of the sunshine of all seasons and of the cold stormy winds of winter calling us out to where east meets west and north meets south. In fancy, the Geography Club has taken us over frozen seas to the north and through deep snows of northern Canada to hunt for food and the Eskimo's ancestors. What a thrill we have felt as we sat at the Arab tent door under the burning Arabian skies eating our mess of the queer concoction prepared by the Arab's wife but knowing that this warrior husband is our friend in a land of pillage, plunder, and danger of death.

Trips—early morning starts, long days, tired people but pleasant and valuable experiences are all recorded as memories of several trips to the great city near us. The tour of all of Chicago's parks with an opportunity to visit their statuary, zoos, botanical gardens and conservatories was one of especial interest.

May the Club help us ever to make the world seem smaller, to feel better acquainted with it, and to be eager to know more about it.

—Elsie Emmert

Y. W. C. A.

President ..... *Ellinor Stedman*
Vice-President ..... *Mae Brouillette*
Secretary ..... *Marian Swanson*
Treasurer ..... *Gertrude Tippett*
Chairman Social Committee ..... *Hazel Ekdahl*
Chairman Finance Committee ..... *Edna Gerber*
Chairman Program Committee ..... *Sue Kadel*
Chairman Publicity Committee ..... *Alice Allen*
Chairman Music Committee ..... *Laura Tobyne*
Chairman Bible Study Committee ..... *Alice DeBower*
Chairman Social Service Committee ..... *Abby Chartier*
Chairman World Fellowship Committee .. *Elizabeth Johnson*

As the towers on the hill stand out on N. I. so the Y. W. C. A. stands out among her ideal interests. Is it because of the purpose, the members, the activities? All three of these help to make it what it is.

This organization, like one of those towers, is a vantage point. It gives a view that reaches far beyond. We come to meet together "in the desire to realize rich and creative life through a growing understanding of God." "Know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free". We are striving to know that truth by following in the footsteps of the One who is the Truth and the life.

—Marian Swanson

J. Ferry, Kelso, M. Ferry, Ritzman, G. Swanson

Being Excerpts from Milady Pepys' Unwritten Diary

April 10—Up reluctantly and to my eight o'clock class, and thence to the Home Economics Teachers' Course where I did learn, to my sorrow, that good teachers scorn gaudy jewelry. Whereupon I hid my hands beneath the table.

May 3—Up considerably betimes to catch the five-forty train to the great city for the annual trip of the Household Arts Club. Did spend a most interesting and instructive day. The antique department of one of the stores did arouse my curiosity and interest inasmuch as I had spent many hours on the history of Furniture at an earlier date, and I did marvel at a Fate which allowed a man whose name, from the ticket marked "sold" was Jones, to buy a $5000 bedroom suite with an exquisite Oriental rug. Did derive much gratification from seeing a dress much like one L. G. is making in sewing marked $52.50. The journey home affording plenty of time for reflection, I did think that this be but one of the pleasant doings of this same Household Arts Club, and did reflect that it holdeth much of profit and merry-making.

—Ruth Ritzman

Top Row—Clark, Conibear, Glidden, Middelton
Third Row—Morrill, Rasmussen, Boot
Second Row—Sauer, Jaynes, Harrison
Bottom Row—Miss Merritt, Bollinger, Warren, Valentine, Miss Anderson

Fine Arts Club

We may not look artists—and indeed we do not pretend to be—but if you saw us earnestly working, you would know how much we should like to be. Here would be one carving a block for printing a scarf; there, another, making book-plates; others, studying designs for purses, or endeavoring to apply paint evenly on pictures. Although the results are not masterpieces, they teach us something and give us a good measure of fun.

We have shared in varied interests. In the stunt show there was the sewing of wigs and costumes, the arranging of curtains and platforms, and the rehearsing of speeches; the smearing on of makeup and the posing of weary statues for the study of lighting effects—then the delight in the colors and the thrill of the real event. Our trips to Chicago with the art appreciation class meant sheer enjoyment of the beautiful as in the Art Institute—campstool in hand—we came upon an entrancing picture or stood, uplifted, before a lovely statue. In moments like these, drawn together by a common love of beauty, we have found some of the joys of art.

—Dora Rasmussen

Mrs. R. H. Brown (Ethel Abagail Keyes, a graduate of the two-year special art course, Class of '11) is one of our alumni who is "carrying on". The above picture, "Across Country", is the oil which won her the prize for the best landscape in the exhibit of the Rock River Association held in Rockford a year ago.

During the season of 1927-1928 Abagail Brown has had from one to three paintings in the following exhibitions,—that of the "Artists of Chicago and vicinity", held at Art Institute, Chicago, the "All Illinois Artists" at the Bismarck Hotel, Chicago, the "Oak Park League" at Oak Park", the "Rock River Association", at Rockford, and the "Illinois Academy of Fine Arts", at Springfield, Illinois.

—L. Eveline Merritt

Top Row—Taylor, Ballou, Fitzsimons, Walsh, Bristow, Lickhard, Maltby
Second Row—Spence, Urch, Ziegler, Nereim, Lembcke
Bottom Row—Williams, Haffron, Poull

Gamma Alpha Sigmas

How many times most of us have longed to shine from behind the footlights. Always.....always the world of make-believe will enthrall us. To be in a play! that dream has come true for many in Gamma Alpha Sigma. Remember the gay, captivating "Apple Sauce". And then came "The Patsy" that won all our hearts. Whether our secret ambition has been to try our hand writing poems or stories, or whether we have wanted to display any hidden talent—whatever our hopes may have been—Gamma Alpha has given our dormant ambitions an opportunity to awaken.

During this—our first year—there have been happy hours filled with many plans of all the things ahead. Yet, though we have been always looking to the coming years memories of this year remain—glad memories of our first year as Gamma Alpha Sigmas.

—Gertrude Wiltberger

The Philosophy Club

What is the Philosophy Club?

It is a place to ask questions—not "school" questions; oh, no—but real questions, like "What is my place in the world?" "What are my relations to other people, and to my Creator?" "What is the meaning of the universe that science reveals?"

If you are puzzled by such questions, find your way to Mr. Parson's home on Thursday evenings and join your questions with ours. As you listen with us to Mr. Parson's reading from Durant's *Story of Philosophy*, you may find answers to your problems. Together, we may find several solutions and raise more questions. Great men though the philosophers were, we do not always agree with them. We differ among ourselves, too, about what such things as religion, morality, or personality are. These disagreements start our most interesting discussions. We all take part. We find we have opinions of our own, and express them freely, without fear of being called "radical". We propound marvelous—sometimes absurd—solutions, but they make us think and give us fun. It is a different, captivating kind of fun. Thoughts make lively playthings. We start them off without knowing where they will stop. When they get badly tangled, Mr. Parson comes to the rescue and shows the way out.

With all our discussion, we do no more that catch a glimpse of the fascination of philosophy. It is like a path with a distant, obscure end, drawing us on. Each question takes us a little farther along. And working together in the Philosophy Club adds joy to the journey.

—Dora Rasmussen

The Stunt Show

We would say "The Derby" was a success— a number of the faculty have been seen hunting for it.

* * * * * *

We didn't know a temperamental bunch like Fine Arts could sit still that long. Congratulations, girls!

* * * * * *

If that's gypsy love we saw, we have a desire, a strong one, to forget school teaching and just play gypsy. But then—maybe we have spring fever—and maybe we couldn't dance as well as "Connie", anyway.

* * * * * *

If Melodie Klub sells enough "Tonic" at their future baby shows, for surely they are to become an institution—they may give the cups in another year.

* * * * * *

Circus days—and every kid wants to go. Who can blame them when Peg does the barking? We have our eyes open for a good side show, Peg, and we'll let you know when the time comes.

* * * * * *

We didn't think our Literary group was so versatile! They are setting a standard for future Gamma Alpha Sig's. We're expecting great things of them.

* * * * * *

From home to Night Club—Yes, Williston, despite the terrible program from Mooseheart we liked the program. If all radios had as little static as yours we would give you a dozen silver cups.

—Margaret Hamilton

Play Times

A Ball
At Williston Hall.
Fast wild music, high and gay
Hush—then slow—a deep, low
waltz;
Noisy-colored dresses, cinderella
slippers.
Dancing
At the Ball.

Rags,
Poverty,
A torn old gown, patched in green,
Funny big hats, feathers and
plumes.
Old time breeches,
Half a shirt.
Rags.

In ye powdered Wigs & ye Prettie Dresses,
Fayre yonge maydes & ye gallant yonge Beaux.
Wended ye Waye to ye Washington Partye
Mayde by ye Facultie for ye yonge.

Y^e brighte coloured Flags of ye true countree,
Y^e verie Daintye cookyes like ye smalle Hatchette,
Y^e longe Grande Marche w^h grace & decorum,
Shew honor & praise to ye grete Washington.

W^h ye moste prettie dance, la minuette,
W^h ye curtsye here & ye curtsye there,
How ye hours flew on ye merrie feet
Givinge a gaie Tyme & ye mem'ries sweete.

Baby dresses,
Rompers, too.
Great big bows,
Pink and blue—
Kids again!

Hair in curls,
Legs bare.
Darling girls
With suckers rare—
Kids again!

A night—
A May night.
A dance—
A May dance.
Maypole colors,
Laughing spirits,
Skipping toes,
College fun-time.
A dance—
A May dance.
A night—
A May night.

—Doris Wildermuth

Book Four -- Features

Literary

So we went for a walk around the campus. Whether winter, spring, or fall, the beauty of it all comes upon us like a mystically cool breeze on a hot summer day. The majesty of the trees, whether dripping with spring rains, drooping with the heat of a summer day, tossing brightly colored heads in an autumn gale, or standing shimmeringly erect in a glistening garb of ice, is always with us. They bend over the waterfall listening to its merry song and forming a cover for it. They stand drooping over their images reflected in the depths of the lake as did tall and fair Adonis. They watch the campus life which passes below them day after day, year after year, changing constantly—but our trees speak to us in ageless tones, the representatives of years gone by.

First Impressions

As we enter the gate and walk down the drive we see the glory of the year flaming in the massive oaks that rear their lofty yellow crowns above the maples, brilliant in rivalry. From the shrubs along the drive gleam red fruits and scarlet foliage as if in celebration of their last gala day before months of seclusion. Far across the lake we glimpse the last laggard water birds paddling idly about as if loathe to leave their summer home. And as the water, ruffled by the breeze, sparkles in the sunshine, they seem to chat contentedly with one another. Occasionally the cry of another bird not yet departed southward pierces the lazy quiet of the morning. Through the trees we see the castle towers, unchanged by the seasons and seeming to send out a challenge of strength and valor. Now the friendly vines which soften the rugged outline of the turrets, are as guadily colored as their independent neighbors. This, our first picture of our school and campus world, still remains for us a thing of beauty and joy forever.

—Janet Maltby

Gypsy Days

Round old gray towers, through sunlit hours,
The scarlet ivy clings;
And overhead, with wings outspread,
The wild geese southward fly.

Long golden days, dim purple haze
Enhance all loveliness
Till yield we must to the wanderlust
That calls us out of doors.

School on the hill, we love you still,
Though from your towers we stray,
For bright leaves fall, gypsy winds call,
And Autumn magic lures.

—Hertha Prehn

In the Halls

Somewhere in that dog-eared, marked down from $1.59 to $1.03 to $.97 to $.78 Mediaeval and Modern History book that you used to cherish in your mature high-school days (Say! was yours inscribed "Open All Nite"?) there were some sliverish looking pictures of gentlemen with crosses before and after and with inspired chins that went on before. Crusaders, of course. Then and now. Even now! Look about you in our halls. There passes by a student martyr to the causeless cause of examinations. His steps seem glued to the floor. His chin forcibly pulls his head along in advance of his body as though his intellect were hallucinated with an 'A', but somehow his body had a surer premonition of an 'E'. We have all been crusaders. It is painful to think upon. Let us on.

Now somewhere else in the dog-eared volume was a smudge that when interpreted proved to be a group of those convivial souls who loved to go on "pilgrimages." Then and now. There, curving himself into an amorous contortion that he has practiced prayerfully before his mirror, is "a young squire, fresh as is the month of May" (and as verdant). There he is curving against a wall, by a window, over a chair, into a locker, around —et ceteras. (Ask yourself who the et ceteras are.) And such "smyling" in return! "Ful simple and coy".

Laughter, song, and color! They are here. The frocks of the girls sift like every-hued confetti and change the hazed eight of the halls. There is color like the crazy abandon of a spilt paint-box. There is a delirious note, too—the men's ties. Somebody flings a green and purple scarf and a "He never does wash behind his ears," over a nonchalant shoulder. From two angles and crossing to be welded into a coincidence comes, "He told me he loved me and now—I wonder who he married?" "X equals the unknown quantity."

Shut up the dog-eared first edition. Consider the movies—are registering a mob scene. We have gum, good-natured bumps, with and without hair-cuts, horn rims, compacts, faces that classify into smiles or grins. We have soap-box orators in the making equipped with all the essentials excepting the soap-boxes. The thirty-nine cent bargain-hunters of the future ruthlessly charge through the halls. Some others float along under a cargo of books like overburdened scows. These have been accused of "silent bluffing."

But what matters that? What matters anything? We've jostled joyously down the hall and brought dog-eared history up to date.

—Gladys Simonsen

Fall, brisk
Foot- sun-
ball, shiny
new faces, old friends
Falling leaves, cold
winds, days.
and Cold

Wet
days with
little flurries
of snow.
letters from
home and
others

from old This is
grads. All ones. the
kinds of good era
bad days of
and tests
as Help!
many Help!

Every freshy
sends
up a
plea for
luck
to
see him thru.

First
quarter and
what an
effort
it
is to
keep on

A
smile when
all you
feel like
doing is
being oh
so sad.

The to and be
fam- do work a
ily good credit
keep to
write- them
ing all,
you and

YOU DON'T

care
if
you
live
or
die
when!

along word
comes of
an home-
issue com-
of ing!
N. I. Oh
with boy!

Ain't
it
a
grand
and
glorious
feeling.

Now
You can
finally have
a
real and parade.
time dance
banquet.

Now things take on a more familiar appearance. The same trees which looked at us strangely in their vari-colored head dresses last fall smile serenly and reassuringly to us as friends, despite their icy sheen. On the streets, in the halls, in the classroom are all the faces of friends. We have lived together for two seasons.

A Promise

The southwest wind caresses my face and flaps the tails of my coat, and the smoke is tossed hand over hand from the chimney pots as I near the campus. The trees stand stark beyond the posts topped with fretted iron, and the lake is half congealed; but the campus greets me. How like it is to a long absent friend returned! One does not laugh at meeting. And by and by, I scan each feature for the changes, and try to understand why this and that eludes me. In the grove where the path curves round the base of a slender oak, I stop to listen to the icy chatter of the brook; and as I reach the road again, I pause at the culvert to see the sheen of the willow wigs webbed against the sun. Then from the meadow, colors are revealed: the sunlight glancing the top of the willows reveals a feathered redness against the sky, and behind the gnarled button bushes the white birch sisters stand among red brush with a background of suggested green and brown and black; the oaks of the grove are very black. I walk across the meadow with eyes that do not recognize the offensive newness but see the gleaming windows of the old towers and the tall lone sentinel beyond. I reach the garden where the stony paths are vibrant to each step—the frost is partly gone. The straw upon the flower-beds is acloak for Cinderella, and I rejoice at the whispered promise of the campus.

—Vivian Hubbard

The freshman seat—what dreams and schemes it has seen. Heavy stone seat covered by shady trees in summer and protected by their heavy trunks in winter. Always ready to receive the weary one, whether physically tired from long walks, or mentally tired from too much of the commonplace of life. With its heavy air of solidity it gives poise to those who need it and comfort to those who merely seek rest and contentment. Grateful are we for its shelter, grateful to its contagiously stoical exterior. And sometimes we wonder at its secrets.

The Freshman Seat—a sanctuary of love birds—a retreat, where comrades vow fidelity—a prison house, from whose innermost chambers come the echoing sighs of whispered thoughts imprisoned there through the years—a strong box unyielding the hopes, dreams and promises known only to the stars and the benign moon—a silent listener giving rest to the weary by day, but enchanting fond lovers by night—a haven to which its devout consecrators ever return to assure themselves that it has lost none of its magic.

—Ruth Driscoll

Just Today

Today—
All whiteness—
All adrift with petals,
The bridal-wreath is blossoming.
Trees are swaying down—flowered with white
roses.
And there—a lovely lady in hoop skirt—
Beckons—slowly—
Her heart in her eyes,
To a courtier
All in white velvet.
And now—I know
Who scattered all these petals.
A Cinderella,
For there's her slipper—
And there's her hat
All drooping with white ostrich plumes.
But the prince must follow her back
To her home beyond the North Wind—
And who knows
Where that is?

—Gladys Simonsen

Season of hurry and bustle! Approaching graduation brings with it the attendant fears, inspiring here-to-for unrivaled industry. Season, too, of drowsy day dreaming, when cool soft breezes bring with them refreshing thoughts of the waterfall singing gaily now that it is freed from its icy barrier—breezes bringing pictures of wandering couples and brilliantly green verdure washed clean by spring showers. Season when the fast approaching day of separation strikes a note of sadness in our hearts answered by joyful refrain of memories of happy comradeship.

The Dreaming Sophomore

Now the spring time is come upon us and we feel that there is only one thing that we care to do, and that thing is nothing. Now the finest thing we can think of to do—besides nothing—being day dreaming, we indulge our sluggard minds in this manner to the exclusion of all else. Now in class, when we are following this procedure, the sound of the teacher's voice is annoying and boring, and his manner, which is both of these things, makes me quake inwardly—as to the sound of a slate pencil being drawn squeakly across a slate. He speaks constantly and at great length about the speller of Mr. Horn and Mr. Ashbaugh—which is all very well for teaching school—but is out of place when spring breezes blow in over the old fashioned garden and small patches of sunsprinkled lake greet our eyes. Oh, that Mr. Horn and Mr. Ashbaugh would leave us to our dreams. And what dreams come! Now those of us who are about to leave the college and go out into the world as teachers are given to dwell upon superintendents, their companionidiosyncracies and their peculiarities. Now they are strange folk and have a way of coming at the wrong time. Now it is that the most unpleasant thing happened. The telephone rings and—just as in my vision the ideal superintendent who saw me from a distance has said, "That is the girl I want to teach in my school," and as I am about to sign the contract—my name is called in an irritated manner. Now I have a fear that the professor has witnessed my reaction to Mr. Horn and his colleague and is openly to condemn my behavior before my friends, but his voice is bidding me repair to the office where some dignitary waits to see me. Now I rise, dropping all the things which I deem essential to the classroom and go hastily to my locker to repair the damage which I am aware too much thinking has done to my complexion. Now I arrive at the "anxious bench" and await my turn.

—Margaret Hamilton

The Plum Thicket

Young May dancers curvetting in something
Like an ecstacy of what seems careless joy.
Fragrance flung like wisps of moonlight
Scented with breezes from the far orient of
dreams!

Oh, the slender grace of you!
Strange, gnarled old beldames
Crouching over the river shaking their
wrinkled fingers.

—Gladys Simonsen

Summer School

Registration day at summer school is a day of high adventure. There is much darting about in search of old friends, and invariably they have strangers in tow who are to become new friends. Greetings and a sense of happiness recovered are to be met with everywhere.

Standing idle in the long registration line, one may find a delightful pastime in weaving stories for the persons he sees about him. There is a young girl but lately graduated from high school. She is a bit dazed by the crowds of strange persons; she is beginning to suffer from compression of her high school senior ego, and she thinks very kindly of her mother and father at home. Beside her stands a lady whose hairs have grown gray since she first began to instruct the young. She is wise in the ways of children, and they love her. She engages the girl besides her in a trifling, but oh so comforting, conversation.

Country school teachers of two or three years' experience stand in groups, carrying on animated conversation punctuated by frequent bursts of laughter. They have come to study a little, and have a good time.

And there are the miscellaneous students. The miscellaneous ones are the best to wonder about. Among them are dancers, doctors, lawyers—people from "beyond the horizon", veiled in delicious mystery.

Idle fancies give way to classroom associations and friendships. As the six flying weeks vanish few rejoice that they are gone. It is too much like "ships passed and hailed in the dark"; everyone would linger. Friends are loathe to part but there are always six more weeks of pleasure to be had when twelve months shall have gone by.

—Josephine Clogston

At the Hall Williston

Now at the Hall called Williston, beside the towering castle and near the sea green lake, fair haired maidens of great number do enjoy a life of drab study, colorful merrymaking, and sweet slumber.

And as they thus spend their time, they do not forget home or father or mother, for sometimes a white-armed one from among them weeps at the thought. But now the gracious dame who has charge of all the damsels of the hall and who is much loved by everyone, comforts the long tried homesick one and tells her that her sorrowing will soon be at an end.

And thus it is they live. Once it happened—as now and again—that the heedful Dame Crays, as she came down the dark, curved stairs in her sea purple bathrobe, prepared for sweet slumber, having already latched the massive doors which bar the entrance-way after ten-thirty, paused in alarm and grave suspicion. As Florence, the tardy, drew near, the girls, the curious ones, who love to watch, threw open the lattice and gazed into the night, but did not call aloud for fear of great consequence. Heedful Dame Crays heard the swinging of the lattice and the sound of hastening footsteps. And straight way to herself she spoke these winged words: "Methinks a tardy one is coming—at least a damsel who here belongs; for the maidens do not call aloud, but throw open the lattice, and I hear the guilty sound of footsteps".

The words were hardly uttered when Florence, the tardy one, stood before the portal. With speed to the threshold hurried Dame Crays, and on her face a frown of disapproval hovered. She turned the lock of the massive door which bars the entrance-way after ten-thirty and threw open the gates bidding Florence, the crestfallen to enter. And as a stern mother greets the child for whom she has long worried even so Dame Crays looked with forbidding aspect upon the disobedient Florence. In grim tones she spoke those winged words: "So you are here Florence, my heedless child! My heart grieves me sorely that you were thus thoughtless, and returned so late from your wanderings. This mandate must I give you: Let not your footsteps wander from the campus for a week". Then the heedless Florence hurried sorrowing to her bower murmuring as the tears fell fast, "Campused". And thus it is that the white-armed damsels of the Hall called Williston are trained in ways of discretion and propriety.

—Alice Allen

Hamlet Also Tested

THE TESTER: To test, or not to test, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to run the risk
Of their outrageous guessing, or to take arms
Against a sea of problems—and by questioning
End them? To test—to pass,—no more,
And by that test to say they end the heartache,
And the thousand natural questions that
Students are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

THE TESTED: To test,—to bluff;—
to bluff! perchance to pass:—ay, there's the rub,
For in that chance and bluff what luck may come?
Who knows how many "false" ones may be "true"?
There's the thing that makes these true-false
Tests seem such a chore.

* * * * * * *

There's no subject either good or bad,
But testing makes it so.

* * * * * * *

The tests the thing wherein I'll catch the
I. Q. of my class.

* * * * * * *

That was a test! Take it for all in all.
I hope I shall never write on its like again.

* * * * * * *

My brain deserts, but words from my pen flow—
Words without thoughts never for A grades go.

In Building

In the mellow early fall days of last year came the surveyors with their sheafs of blueprints and their three-legged precision instruments—dividers of landscapes. And shortly were great interlocking rectangles in white cord-lines laid out: the boundary lines of constructions to come, the first visible evidences of the new campus buildings.

Following, brawny men steadily digged until an encircling maze of clean cut trenches had forked out like the tentacles of a growing thing. And one day a docile excavating machine suffered itself to be hauled hither to the busy scene only, later, to become a heaving, grinding, swinging, monster of steel, lustily tending its voracious appetite for great scoopsful of black soil and red clay as it lumbered about the ever deepening, ever widening craters that were destined to become the beds for the coming structures.

There was much toilsome transportation. Tireless trucks wound in and out; some bore heaping loads of the heavy, inert, earth to the great, rising mound down by the river, others came in, round after round, with burdens of fresh builders' materials, adding more new white brick, more dusty sacks of cement, more cold-grey shapes in cut stone to the preparational stores.

The lowly digging was finished. And then rose the clamor of the carpenters' hammers as intricate, smooth-walled foundation forms were driven and tightly boarded in. Liquid stone was poured in these, and, when the concealing molds were removed, we saw great, deeply imbedded walls of eternal rock whose endless burden would be the looming masonry walls.

Now, as the days assumed the first tinges of winter harshness, we marvelled to see the speedy unfolding of that old drama which will always suggest the phenomenal, which will always stir the hearts and minds of men: dynamic bands of smoothly cooperating workmen bent on the glorious task of hoisting and laying and shaping and fastening a myriad of elemental parts from all the confusing heaps of raw stuffs into the physical evolution of the architect's vision.

It seemed the builders had worked through the nights, so rapidly did the conformation grow. Under versatile tool and skilled hand, tier after tier of brick, pressly and neatly set in slushy mortar, swiftly lifted up the thick, red-fronted walls.

Long, deep-webbed floor beams of tough steel were carefully poised on broad bearing plates and their ends sealed into the supporting walls by the deft masons. And these staunch beams bespoke of heavy workshop benches, of iron wood-shaping machinery, of whirring printing presses, of weighty cases of type. Steel riggers set up their inadequate looking jib-poles and with cumbrous block and tackle swung the great roof trusses across the breath-taking span of the gymnasium floor.

All through the difficult winter days the work rushed on. And now brick and stone, plaster and cement, beam and girder, sash and lintel—all have been artfullly welded into a harmonious whole, even unto gracefully carven gable keystones and the softly lined banks of roofing slates. The more tedious work of the interior, only, remains.

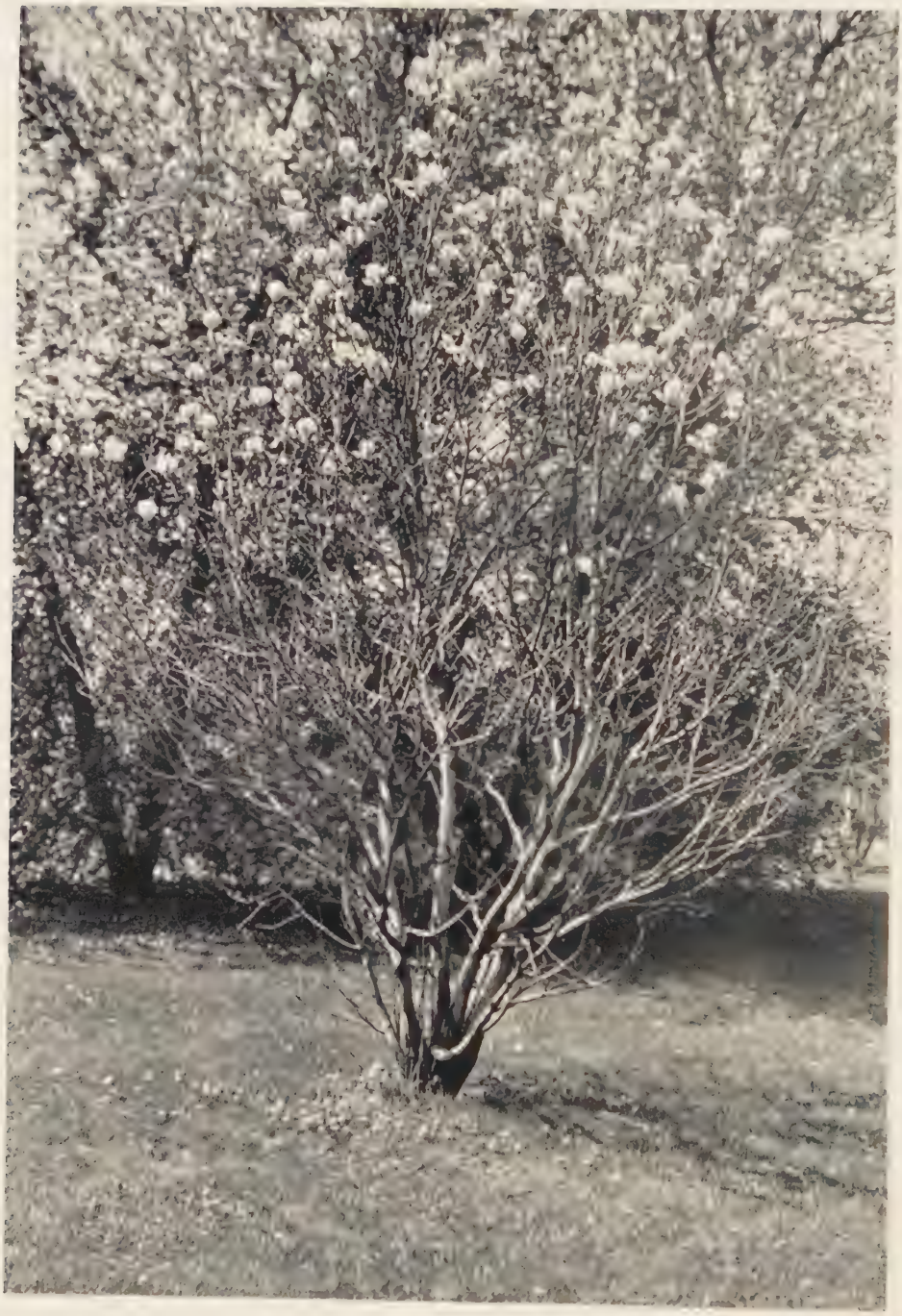
We step into the gymnasium hall, and its vast expanse is occupied in the imagination with swiftly moving images of keen-spirited, eager-muscled athletes, brimming with the clean, youthful zest for contest, pitching their utmost of skill of body and mind ino the competitions of the game; and with the weaving configuration of excited, enthusiastic, cheering, laughing, urging, spectator masses, joyously and critically following the fortunes of the teams and the trends of the battle. This is, indeed, an arena worthy of great sports engagements; a fitting temple to all the glory of athletics!

We pause before the Manual Arts Building to admire the pleasing proportions of its thin-mullioned window groups, the simple dignity of its entrance facade, the graceful sweep of its wings, the durable loveliness of its slated roof. And we mark, at once, the harmony with which beauty and utility are here combined. In our imagination the building is peopled with happy young artisans, acquiring many fine manual skills that they may, too, in turn, bring the joy of handicraft achievements to others. Craftsmanship has here created a splendid house dedicated to its own advancement!

—Harold Ohlson

N. I. has beauty. Her campus is a colorful garden with bright flowers, green leaved trees, and gay, singing birds. Her lake, placid and cool, reflects her turrets and towers, and mirrors all school life. Inside her towered castle she has beauty. Her personality is inspiring. She stimulates all to richer living and higher achievement. Her friendships help bring to us her happiness in our successes. She is kind and sympathetic and she shares with us our joys and sorrows. She gives us freedom to work and play in the happy years spent with her. A threefold beauty is hers; beauty of outward form, beauty of friendship, and beauty of freedom—and she wears it with quiet dignity and grace.

—Alice Granville

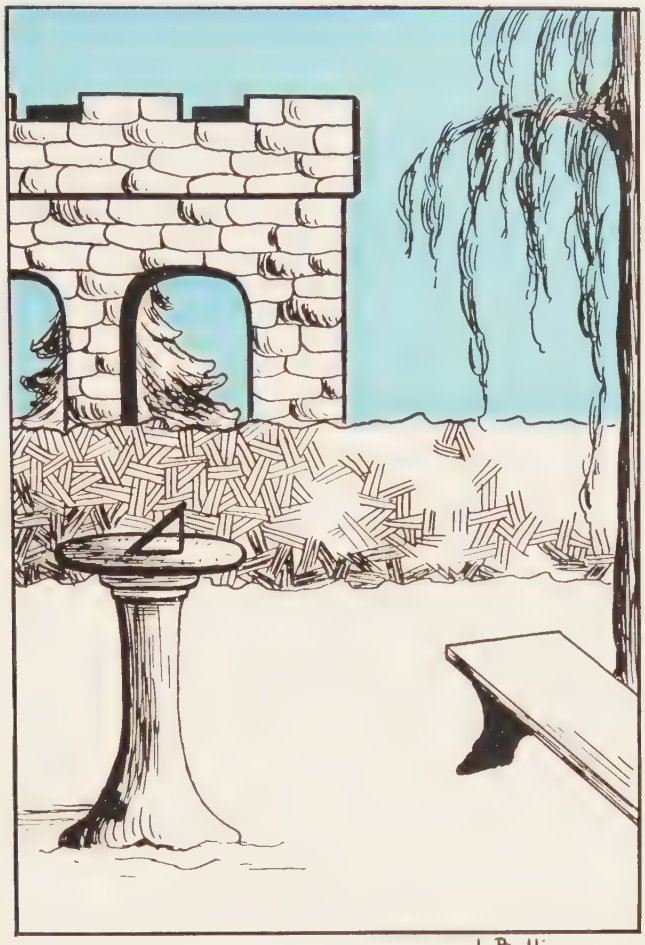


Blossom Time

Colonial ladies in a stately minuet,
Curtsying, bowing,
Ruffling up demure white skirts
To show pink petticoats.

English maidens
Dancing a May dance on the green.

—Gladys Simonsen



Calendar

September

Sep. 13. School opens! Everybody that has $10.00 is in the line—all Freshmen at the rear.

Sep. 14. Classes start today. We wonder if Concidine will buy at least one book this year.

Sep. 15. Our own "Red" Hedberg isn't acting right. Can't anyone cheer him up just a little bit?

Sep. 16. All the boys are here early today. They're looking them over good. Tonight is the first date night.

Sep. 19. Some of the week-end tryouts were at least promising. We can see evidences of it in the assembly hall.

Sep. 20. What is all the screeching and groaning we hear on the third floor? How do they expect "Smoke" to study amid the din?

Sep. 21. Yesterday's great mystery has been solved for anxious students. It was just this year's new Melodie Klubers and Treble Clefers trying out their voices.

Sep. 22. "Wes" bought a Test and Measurement book and now he wants to bet it on Dempsey. You better watch him, Dr. Hayes.

Sep. 23. Hedberg says school can start now. His curly-headed friend came back today.

Sep. 26. Oh, girls!—"Lochinvar's coming out of the West" had nothing on "Scummy's" coming out of the South. Here he is—chariot and all.

Sep. 27. The football boys get their first real workout. They love 'em—at least Cowell says they'll have to learn to love 'em.

Sep. 28. President Brown says that when he looks out over the assembly his glance is met by a sea of wagging jaws. More power to you, Wrigley.

Sep. 29. "Scummy" tells the boys about the trials and tribulations he had while attending Nebraska.

Sep. 30. You can't keep the Swedes apart. Anyway, "Rudy" Sillverstone is willing to admit that there are some good-looking Swedes in Rockford.

October

Oct. 3. There's big excitement throughout the school today. President Brown lays ban on the excess scenery in halls. No more lovers seen in the window seats —for a while.

Oct. 4. Treble Clef signs in display on many backs. It's too bad it isn't Leap Year, girls,—maybe then you're proposing would materialize.

Oct. 7. The football gang leaves early this morning for Ypsilanti. Rumor hath it that "Newgie" has his ukelele and his Swedish brogue with him.

Oct. 8. The Ypsilanti boys batter their way thru DeKalb for a 25-6 win. Larson goes down fighting, while Hedberg mumbles something in Swedish as he passes out.

Oct. 10. Rimcus wants somebody to get him a date with Dorothy Shultz. Can't anyone help him out?

Oct. 12. The Sophomore class elected Warren Patterson to lead them thru this school year. Your big brown eyes put you thru, Pat.

Oct. 13. Williston Hall begins its first organized campaign against the male sex. Committees are appointed for the Williston Hall Informal.

Oct. 15. N. I. takes Valparaiso into camp by a 12-2 score. Nice work, boys.

Oct. 18. Just think, boys, 74 dorm girls went home over the week-end. Looks bad for the lovelorn.

Oct. 20. Signs of football beginning to loom up—four out of every five have them.

Oct. 21. Vacation for the student body. Pedagogical spree in Freeport. Miss Stelford, Miss Whitman, and Mrs. Hensel strut their stuff! Chicago "Y" defeats N. I. 18-13.

Oct. 22. Things are very quiet today. No game—nothing but study and prayers for the safe return of our jocund faculty.

Oct. 25. Mr. Brown tells the men that the "Black Cat" organization will soon be prominent in the college activities. Freshmen already have plans for midnite revelry. Me-o-o-o-ow!

Oct. 28. Mr. Page is in his height of glory. Some kindhearted soul gave him an old corn cob with Indian teeth marks in it.

Oct. 31. Much excitement. Fire found in the waste basket near the Museum. Mr. Page sent for a fireproof safe for his corn cob.

November

Nov. 1. President Brown doesn't have time to read whole books so he skips a few pages. Remember—it's all in the family.

Nov. 3. Two of the fair dormites swear off canoe-riding after sunset. After all —there's nothing like a good rowboat for excursion cruises.

Nov. 5. Iowa Teachers come—and go home with the bacon. Score: Them—20; Us—6.

Nov. 7. Melodie Klub holds its initiation. Barelegged freshmen swarm hall. Some of the canary-legged boys should develop.

Nov. 8. The U. S. Navy Band went over like a tent. Even the football boys liked them.

Nov. 9. Johnnie McNamara and Joe Ridolph pay the penalty for being lovers of music.

Nov. 11 and 12. Homecoming!!! Everybody came—even J. Pluvius. Football game was all wet—so were the officials. N. I.—0; Milwaukee—0. Faculty stunt was the high light of the program—Dr. Hayes talks out loud!

Nov. 14. Fourteen "Red Heads" and Whitey Cannon discuss future plans for the Red Head Club.

Nov. 15. Kraft vibrates his tonsils while Hughes rattles the ivories. You must admit that the boys know their stuff.

Nov. 18. Fall Festival is a grand success. Mr. Brown and Miss Bond demonstrate the latest.

Nov. 19. Footballers go to Terre Haute. Geography Club goes to stockyards. Both come home defeated.

Nov. 21. Bill (Daniel Boone) Rimcus appears in full attire. Put in your orders for fur coats early, girls.

Nov. 22. Faculty all-school party surpasses all pre-expectations. Even the faculty come down from their grandstand seats and participate.

Nov. 23.

Thanksgiving Recess

Nov. 28. All those who did not overeat are back at their studies. Schoenholtz is expected on Wednesday.

Nov. 30. Gloom and quiet. Everybody is in the library and study hall—studying! Y room is deserted. Exams tomorrow.

December

Dec. 1. December starts out as a tough month. Exams today. Help! Help!

Dec. 2. More exams. Football banquet. Schoenholtz's speech is still a great mystery. Why—oh why, wouldn't they let him talk?

Dec. 5. School starts all over again—that is, for everyone who went home after $10.00. Halls are in uproar—everyone trying to "Jew" somebody down on the second-hand books.

Dec. 6. More entertainers come to see us. MacDonald and Missier prove the old theory that "music is the soul of life."

Dec. 7. Did you ever see such a bunch of mutilated girls? Sophs beat Frosh in hockey game. Too bad, Freshmen—maybe next year.

Dec. 8. N. I. is readmitted to Little Nineteen. Here's for bigger and better athletics.

Dec. 9. Another big day for N. I. in athletics. "Tuck" is elected as cage captain and "Red" Hedberg as our next year's grid leader.

Dec. 12. Not much excitement. The basketball squad is beginning to "hoop" it up.

Dec. 13. "Doc" Haggerty gives us a few pointers on—the art of ancient backwoods proposing.

Dec. 15. Hotchkiss and Robinson are all set to become missionaries. Can't you just hear "George" singing lullabies to the cannibals?

Dec. 17. Town Girls' Dance! Everybody goes home in a happy frame of mind. The Town Girls' sure show 'em a good time.

Dec. 19. The McMurry school endanger Schumann-Heink's popularity. Just wait till they grow up. We've oftened wondered why Santa had to get new suits. Now we know—he's married.

Dec. 20. Opal Deneau says that the hardest part of singing the Messiah was the plank she had to sit on.

Dec. 21. With the aid of a Christmas tree and some colorful pajamas, the Dorm Girls throw their final party this year,—after the faculty have their feed and go home.

Dec. 22. Everybody is going home for vacation except Concidine. He's going to Elgin.

January

Jan. 3. School opens once more and we get back in, free of charge. Larson says he's going to stay out of the Y room this year and do a little studying.

Jan. 4. Oh, girls! Our own dear Mh. Wright's name has been seen on the list of eligibles. Who'll be the lucky girl?

Jan. 5. "Scummy" gives his first of a series of lectures on "Davenport Mancuvers."

Jan. 7. N. I. wins first basketball game at Aurora. Score: N. I. 54; Aurora, 23.

Jan. 12. Rimcus has not had any result with his traps yet, but, with the aid of about a dozen co-eds, he has begun to give out beautiful neckies.

Jan. 14. Another splendid informal—this time at the expense of the H. A. C.

Jan. 16. "Red" Wiltsie and Jimmie Smith have decided to let the best man win. You'd better keep them both, Connie.

Jan. 18. Elmer Rich tells Mr. Gould all about how the Pilgrims ate **ind'go** to keep them in trim for the winter months.

Jan. 20. President Brown cannot understand how the attendants of general assembly can sit on the backs of their necks and still enjoy the program.

Jan. 23. It seems that all the school heads in the country are here. Such a bunch of great big he-men.

Jan. 24. There's a big commotion today in the music room and it isn't the Melodie Klub either. It's the arguing professors wrangling on that all-important question, "How high is up?" "Doc" Hayes says that he is sure on one thing, —namely, **Test before Teaching.**

Jan. 26. President Brown introduces an ancient Minnesota custom. We must say it was rather ragged. There was extreme Poverty on every hand.

Jan. 30. Alma Peterson closes the month successfully by rendering several good old Irish songs.

February

Feb. 1. N. I. gets revenge on St. Viator's 29-28. We thought for a while that Mr. Brown and Dr. Hayes were going to do the "doll" dance after the game, but they couldn't get going.

Feb. 2. Schoenholtz comes out with the latest. Why couldn't he give some of the excess to Mr. Carlson or Mr. Wright?

Feb. 4. The Treble Clef Dance tops all previous performances.

Feb. 6. "Scummy" gives his final address and brings to light many interesting points on the subject, "Petting as a diversion, as seen by the athlete."

Feb. 8. The Nu Iota Pi goes "way back when". Doesn't Mr. Gage look adorable in rompers?"

Feb. 10 and 11. News from the tournament is pathetic! N. I. wins from Old Normal and is defeated by Carbondale.

Feb. 13. The Freshmen don't know how to make motions yet; so they have postponed their party. Why don't you ask Glenna the why and how, Gus?

Feb. 14. At last the students of N. I. are to have final resting places for old themes and exam papers. Numerous waste baskets have been installed.

Feb. 16. John Wise is still wondering where all the valentines he received came from.

Feb. 17. "Smoke" Larson and "Pop" Rosier tell the world that when bigger and softer benches are made,—they'll hold 'em down.

Feb. 20. Mr. Fred Carlson seems to have developed a great love for hiking. He predicts a great spring.

Feb. 22. The Washington Party reveals many light-footed steppers. Didn't they look cute with their short pants and long coats? Later—Mr. Annas and Miss McCormick run amuck—I think they called it the Black Bottom.

Feb. 23. The hiking fever must be catching. Mr. Terwilliger says he must have lots of company, tho'.

Feb. 24. Everything is quiet today. In fact it is too quiet. Reminds one of a lull before a storm.

Feb. 28 and 29. Storm breaks in all its fury. Mr. Wright and Mrs. Hensel forget their flute. Report of entire faculty forced to eat mush in Sheriff Dolder's reception room.

March

Mar. 1. Faculty still in a stupor. Mr. Page passes out the exam papers and then goes to sleep.

Mar. 2. Rosier has the advantage at the basketball banquet. He was born left-handed—but just naturally works from both sides at the table.

Mar. 5. Another $10 today. Librarian runs short of spending money and sells some old books. Imagine "How We Think" selling for a nickel.

Mar. 6. Countryman and Bill Roche are "all hot" to start training for track.

Mar. 8. Gliddenites show up N. I. when it comes to minueting. First graders are even more light on their feet than Hagman.

Mar. 9. Spring fever beginning to appear. Abandon everywhere — Swanson walks down the hall with his hair mussed up.

Mar. 10. The Irish predominate at the Melodie Klub Dance. Good orchestra—good punch—good favors—and agreeable chaperones.

Mar. 12. Rimcus tells the world that he is willing to admit that Rimcus is a good track man.

Mar. 16. Freshmen finally sling their party. Mr. Whittaker's Scandinavian blood rises to white heat when students refuse to go at eleven o'clock.

Mar. 19. There's a mystery somewhere. Everything seems changed. Mr. LeVitt blows himself to a hair-cut! Who is the Delilah?

Mar. 20. There are symptoms of a new and charming co-ed in old N. I. Concidine and Larson are making regular trips to the library every night.

Mar. 22. One of Dr. Hayes' colleagues lands a big job in Sycamore. Maybe in the near future he'll be eating mush with Sheriff Dolder.—Maybe.

Mar. 23. One of President Brown's visions is realized today. Remember—the notices are to be put on the left at first and then moved to the right. Missionary aspirants are confined to the old board.

Mar. 26. We go through the blizzard to hear Mr. Annas pound the ivories and Miss Wiswall sing.

Mar. 29. "Red" Wiltsie makes a great discovery. Take heed — men, — where there's a rumble-seat there's hope. At least,—it's a good place for two women to fight it out.

April

Apr. 10. Spring vacation ends with Winter in all his fury. Henigan comes back after a successful week at seven-ball.

Apr. 11. Why does Mr. Wright still take refuge in the library behind the magazines and George go sailing thru the study hall with nary a glance to the right or left? Is it that bachelors' list?

Apr. 12. Countryman wakes up long enough to change his position—then falls asleep once more.

Apr. 13. Faculty have tough luck returning from Normal. Carlson watches over Miss Freeman, Miss Stelford, and Mrs. Crays, while Mr. Parson tanks up on.....gasoline.

Apr. 14. Baseball and track stand by while snow comes out of the north. Wise and Roche talk over future prospects. Where's Rimcus?

Apr. 15. Flora Backus is elected President of the penitentiary for next year. More power to you, Flora!

Apr. 16. Mr. Gould introduces Mr. Bradley and then does the exit a-la-steps.

We hope you don't feel hurt.

Apr. 17. The Steindel Concert was a wow. The pianist was even better than Irvin.

Apr. 19. The music department goes on their annual cabareting tour to Chicago. Wiltsie comes right back, but Dean Annas and Miss Wiswall are still going strong. Last night they saw "A Night in Spain" at the Four Cohans.

Apr. 21. Baseball opens with a win. Wheaton men are better preachers than they are ball-players.

Notice—Calendar Editor begins to prophesy.

Apr. 23. At last we have a car that rivals "Scummy's" chariot. Mr. Lease puts our eyes out with a brand new Buick.

Apr. 26. The long-awaited night of the Stunt Show is here. You've sure got to hand it to Glenna. She knows her stunts.—Rah for Williston!

Apr. 27. Armour comes out and goes home again. What was the score? I'll bite. What was it?

Apr. 28. "Big Boy" Carter pulls off his annual dance and calls it the Sophomore Prom. He says its the next best thing to the Cabin.

May

May 1. Whitey Cannon breezed in with what looks like the Spanish Armada—but proves to be the Geneva fleet.

May 2. A real baseball game today—Mt. Morris "Bites the Dust" in nine parts.

May 5. It won't be long now. It's in the atmosphere. Girls line up in front of the office awaiting their turn on the "anxious seat."

May 8. Treble Clef waxes hot in concert tonite. "We're mighty proud of our girls".

May 10. Elmhurst seeks revenge but fails to connect.

May 12. "Scummy" throws down Len Small and gives his entire service to Emmerson.

May 16. More baseball! Hot Dog! Concordia! Donnelly says, "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes".

May 18. New Gymnasium is almost complete. Schoenholtz and Swanson see great athletic future.

May 19. Hop! Hop! Hop! Freshman Prom! Pretty dresses—good punch—keen orchestra—darn good dance!

May 24. Mr. Lyon unleashes best play in years, **The Fool.** It was all very wonderful. Reminded one of that great movie "Tom Mix-in Cement".

May 26. So many things today. Queen was crowned—May Fete was a "dream"—our boys played Aurora—and tonight we hop.

May 28. Wrigley still reigns. Black Cats are still a thing of the future. Caps and gowns on the way.

Goodbye, good luck, and don't take this too seriously.

—Edward Bower

Twinkle on above us high—
Little star up in the sky—
Mr. Brown knows who you are,
Even though it is so far.

You may think he doesn't know—
Just because we seem so low—
But it's brains that make the man
Twinkle that on if you can.

—Margaret Hamilton

The Roll Call

"Company halt—One, Two,"
Roll call—"Bond"—not here.
"Bell", No answer can be heard,
"Badgley", still there's not a word.

"Where is Miss Pierson?"
Still no word is said,
"Please sir," a small voice tells us,
"They've changed their names—
they're wed."

—Margaret Hamilton

Commencement Souvenirs

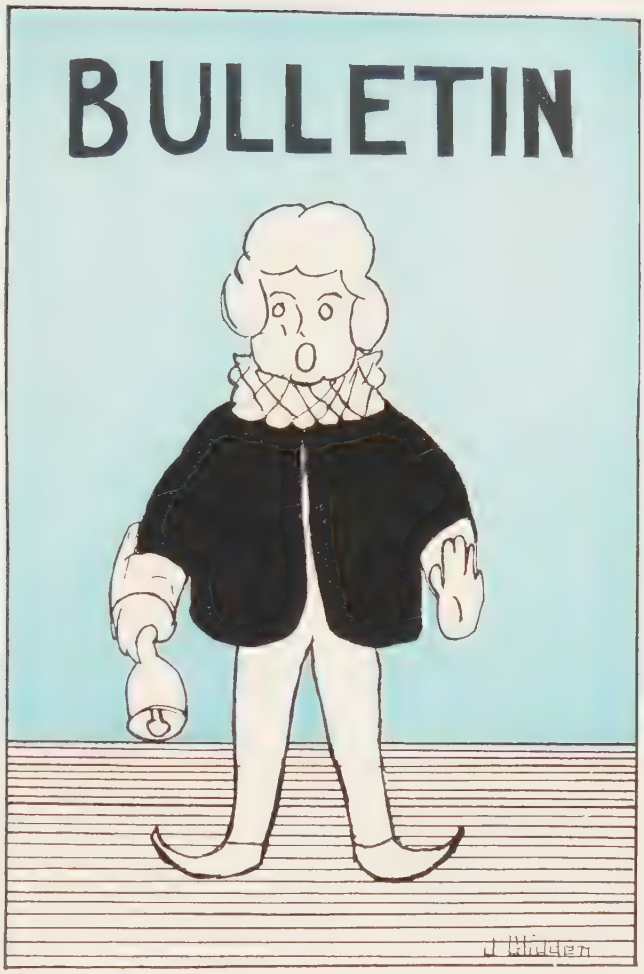
SAD

Tired feeling
Sighs of relief
Programs galore
Eyes weak from cramming
Coat of tan from watching the May Fete
Shoulders drooping from wearing a Gown
Last good byes
Tears ..... tears ..... tears .....

GLAD

Smiles ..... smiles ..... smiles
Presents from those I sent invitations to—and some I didn't
Last walks in shady lanes with the "one and only"
Farewell glimpse of the magnolia tree
A smiling faculty
Farewell Gen Ex
Parents beaming on their offsprings
Graceful nymphs of the May Fete and the Robin Hoods shooting the "Bull"
Look ..... farewell look ..... at the "castle towers"

—FLORENCE BOGGS



Jokes

To Readers
of The Bulletin Board

Pandora once opened a box and let the Troubles out but Hope remained and saved the world.

As the most curious woman in history let the Troubles out of a box so did a janitor of N. I. let troubles in the form of unpublished bulletin board notices out of a waste basket. These announcements were picked up by a student and tacked on the bulletin boards. The tacker hopes that the reading of them will cause a few smiles to ripple o'er the countenances of N. I. bulletin board readers.

This was found in Annie's Woods. Whoever is the writer may claim the original by calling at the office.

Towerandcastleville
1928 A. D.
Spring (no calendar)

Dear Va,
You told me to write and tell you everything that is happening.

Here goes:
Weather—Possibly more but maybe less sky.
Sports—Eddie Bower and Gavena Cheney eloped.
Markets—Closed (Sunday).
Editorial—Why Hedberg Prefers Blondes.
Styles—Leg of Nation scandal will be covered this year.
Society—Spring fever is prevalent. Vaccinations will be given at any butcher shop free.

More Styles—Women will wear long hair this season. Also, Mark Biehl, the leading designer of women's apparel, says it will not be fashionable for women to swim this season.

How to Keep Well—The Janitors here have asked that if the girls must walk they do so on the sidewalk because they don't want to start a new subdivision with the earth brought into the portals of the institution.

News—John Wise got a hair cut.

Recipes—someone must have paid her back board because we've had muffins three times this week. Had green onions for lunch. No fifth hour classes.

Forgot to ask "How are you? I am fine." There goes the dinner bell. Smells like horse to-night.

Dash a few,
Elsie

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Superintendents from Borneo, the Fiji Islands, Chicago, and Stockholm, Sweden, are here to interview girls for teaching positions. The requirements for each place are listed below; if you fill the qualifications, and are interested, leave your name with Mr. Peterson.

Fiji Islands and Borneo:

1. Kinky hair.
2. Large noses suitable for ringing.
3. Must know have to dance and to teach the Charleston.
4. Must be a lover of wild nature.

Chicago:

1. Any nationality except English.
2. Only those speaking the American language need apply.
3. Must be used to a bomby climate.
4. We don't want any teachers that have to go to bed before two o'clock in the morning; we want people coming through the town to see that we are wide awake.
5. Must not supress the children's desires if they want to have a gang war during the school time; (remember what you learned about the gregarious instinct in Psychology).

Stockholm, Sweden:

1. Must be as capable of blushing easily as Mr. Terwilliger is.
2. Must be beautiful but dumb.
3. Must have the most outstanding characteristic of every Scotchman.
4. Must have big feet for ski jumping.

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NEW ELECTIVES FOR THE SUMMER TERM ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Mr. Page

"The Fish of the Pacific Ocean."

Several trips to Maxwell street in Chicago will be taken for olfactory information. This class will meet only on Fridays for two periods. The text book to be used is "Fish—Smell and Habits" by Newell Miller. One half credit a quarter is given for this course. Pillows are not furnished. You can buy them at Leslie's.

Miss Neptune

"Man U Al Training."

"The Way to a man's heart is through his stomach", is Miss Neptune's motto. This course gives one knowledge of how to get your man and how to hold him. With this information, Katy Peptone's sister guarantees that after ten years of married life a girl can train any man to be a respectable human being.

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Mr. Gage

"Etiquette."

"How to be polite under all circumstances" will be the aim of this course. How to eat so people will not mention the Hebrew's squealing enemy is another purpose also. The text used is "An Almost Extinct Species" by Wayne McCray. One half credit for one quarter.

Mr. Peterson

"Our Great Leaders That Have Been Feeble Minded."

The lives of such men as Caesar, Willie Thompson, Len Small, Hotchkiss, and Rich will be studied. "Who's Who" for 1928 will be the text used.

Will people weighing over 200 pounds please refrain from passing through the library. The jar on the door disturbs those that are studying.

NORTHER

Hand in all pictures for the Norther. If you have had your picture taken and it isn't good, hand in one of your best looking friends in place of yours. We want a good looking Annual. This is your book.

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At the Training Table

Ever watch fellows eat at the TRAINING TABLE during the college FOOTBALL SEASON? Plain fare in moderate amounts is all they get. The other students who aren't going in the game have all sorts of tempting food. Do

THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS

grouch about their fare? Are they a sorry lot, bewailing the things they must do without? NOT A BIT OF IT. They are the happiest looking chaps in the bunch. They are training for

THE BIG GAME

Anything they must sacrifice is a small price for the glories to be won in the contest of brains and brawn.

It's about the same way with the chap who is entering

THE GAME OF LIFE

If he would make good he must meet the stern conditions of LIFE'S training table. He will have to "cut out" a lot of things he sees others enjoy, if he keeps in trim to win. He must eat plain fare and must accept his helpings smilingly. If he can't be a real sport about a little thing like that, how will he ever stand up against the real knocks of the game? The thrills of participating in the big GAME can be yours, but you must be willing to take your training like a game sport. The first step in this game is to

LEARN TO SAVE

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DeKalb, Illinois

TREBLE CLEF

Because our last party was such a howling success we are giving another one. We invite the whole student body and faculty to a lawn party to be given in the front yard of Williston Hall. "The Lost Chord Orchestra" from Discord, Mass., will syncopate for us.

Big Program!

Margaret Hamilton will do her famous Black Bottom dance.

Myrtle Peterson and Hazel Eckdahl will sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee' Sweet Land of Fishery."

Miss Wiswall will sing "Beautiful."

Miss McCormack and Mr. Annas will dance the Valentino Tango.

Bring! See you!
Your! on the!
Lunch! Green ! ! !

All those interested in Astronomy meet in front of Williston Hall tomorrow nite at 7:30 o'clock. Maybe it won't rain. If it is raining don't call me up to ask if we will meet.

J. C. Brown.

"The Swedish Twins" by Ohlson seems to be the most read and most popular book in the library. Katy Peptone wishes to inform the student body that one hundred copies have been ordered. The study hall has been turned into a reading room for the Swedes; all Irish please use the library.

Pencils are not to be used for purposes of mural decorations. Ask the janitors for crayons if you feel the urge to express your artistic ability in the corridors.

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Anyone interested in reading books go to the library.

All students wishing holidays leave requests at the office. We shall be glad to accomodate you.

The following people owe money at the library:

Whiz Bang—Harold Ohlson	**$1.39**
Liberty—Fred Carlson	**$9.50**
Melancholy Tale of Me—Elmer Rich	**$1.25**
The Story of a Bad Boy—Edward Fitzgerald	**$ .95**
Freckles—Alice Allen	**$ .79**
Little Men—Charles Carter	**$1.35**
Romeo and Juliet—Ed. Bowers	**$1.71**

Y. M. C. A.

Saturday afternoon at two o'clock all Y. M. C. A. members meet in front of the school. We are going into the slum district of DeKalb and instruct the mothers on "The Care of the Infant." If you have any old toys or picture books bring them.

George Terwilliger.

W. A. A.

The W. A. Aers invite the whole school on a Weinie Roast to be held in Annie's Woods Friday at six o'clock. All those wanting to go bring a quarter to Miss Bond's office and sign there. R. S. V. P. This party has been postponed because there were not enough that signed up. We are sorry to inform those that paid their quarters that the organization is using the money to buy sweaters. That's the time we fooled you.

Mr. Whittaker will give a talk on "Washington, our father from the country", in the auditorium during fifth hour today.

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Our wish for you, as you are about to enter the business world, is that your every effort may be crowned with success.

DEKALB THEATRE

HOME OF FIRST-RUN PICTURES
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Evening Shows—7:15 and 9:00 P. M.
Matinees—3:00 P. M. Daily Except
Monday and Thursday
Sunday and Holidays—6:45 and 8:30 P. M.

THE DE KALB GRANDE ORGAN
RALPH HOWARD, *Organist*

DE KALB THEATRE ORCHESTRA
LUCILLE KIRCHNER, *Director*

A book of famous quotations gleaned from the "illiterati" of the school is now on sale in the office. A few samples from the book are given below:

1. Mr. Brown—"Now, this morning I am going to talk on women's styles. Of course, it isn't in my field to talk about this, but I....."

2. Mr. Page—"Guess I'll burn up the museum today".

3. Miss Neptune (in library) "This book is two weeks overdue, but that's all right".

4. Mr. Wright—"None of you guys need to think about your long speal for Comp. II. They ain't going to be none of these long-winded conflabs given this quarter".

5. Mr. Whittaker—"Don't bother to read your Literary Digest, just look at the cartoons".

6. Miss Simonsen, pulling out her gum—"My gosh, ain't that a swell pome".

7. Mr. Terwilliger—"Now I want all of you to call me George".

8. Mr. Gage—"I won $10 last night playing poker. But don't tell my wife; she'll take it away from me".

I just wanted to make this brief announcement on bulletin board. I have several new antiques in my museum, such as:

1. A baby dress of Smokey Larson's.
2. A sample of Whitey Cannon's hair.
3. Two of Donald Delbridge's pictures—one taken with Santa Claus and the other with a donkey.
4. A few slices of Dormitory toast.
5. Mr. Lease's teething ring.

Mr. Page.

DID YOU KNOW

that we Sell I. Miller Hose

Service Weight $1.50
All Silk Chiffon $1.75

The Elsa Gift Shop

"The Shop Different"

East of DeKalb Theatre—Upstairs

Field & Co.

SPECIALTY SHOP FOR WOMEN

Coats Suits Dresses

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Our Tire Repairs are Guaranteed to Out-Last the Tires.

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Phone 1455

Northern Illinois Bulletin Board

Assignment Sheet

Article	Reporter	Due
Hedberg Instigates Interpretive Dancing Club for Men.	Smith	Monday A. M.
Mildred Haffron Joins Circus	Kadel	Monday 4 o'clock
Wright's Book on "Petting" is Published.	Allen	Monday A. M.
Faculty Club Plan Trip to Chicago's Rialto Burlesque Show.	Mr. Gage	Tuesday 8 o'clock
Joy Glidden Signs Contract to Cartoon for DeKalb Chronicle.	Comery	Monday 4 o'clock
George Terwilliger Initiated into W. A. A.	Flora Backus	Friday
Monument is Erected to Eugene Klemm by Girls Who Teach at Glidden.	Cornelia King	Friday
Mr. Peterson Shrinks in Rainstorm.	Hayes	Monday

Silverman's

Courtesy Service Quality

DeKalb's Largest Display of
Finest Wearing Apparel

Dry Goods — Toilet Articles
Millinery — Whittall Rugs

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DE KALB ICE CREAM
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"The House of Quality"

Sodas, Candy, Cigars, Cigarettes

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SHETTER'S

AND PAY LESS

We Make a Difference Between
Cash and Credit
TALK TO SHETTER

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JEWELER

DEARTH BROS.

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E. E. Embree

Lumber and Coal

DeKalb Illinois

S chool-books, satchels, scissors and scents
For women and children, ladies and gents.
E rasers, encyclopedias, made to educate
You'll find Secor's open, early and late.
C andy and cards and acid carbolic
Secor's makes life one grand easy frolic.
O ffice supplies, ointments and oleo
That was to make the rhyme you know.
R it and rackets and even a razor
Will be sold to you with greatest pleasure.
S miling service from on-the-square clerks
Everyone's jolly at Secor's works.

That's Why We Buy

at

SECOR'S

—Madeline D. Strain

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

John Concidine, our famous novelist, has just finished his latest book "The Passionate Spanish Onion." A synopsis of the first four chapters is given to acquaint you with his watery optic masterpiece. Line up at the foyer window and pay your two dollars for the book after you have finished reading this synopsis of the child of Concidine's brain.

SYNOPSIS

THE PASSIONATE SPANISH ONION

CHAPTER I.

Senorita Espanola Onion left the party. It was four o'clock in the morning. She had no other place to go; so she went home. (Description:) Her pink eyes turned coral color and her forty-three gold teeth twinkled in the moonshine. She was pure and simple (mostly simple).

CHAPTER II.

Her mother and her father and her forty-five Swedish uncles from DeKalb were waiting for her. (Bring on the cornstarch; the plot needs thickening).

CHAPTER III.

"Carl shall pay for poisoning you" said the forty-four Swedish uncles. (The forty-fifth had halitosis; but he was a gentleman and did not open his mouth).

CHAPTER IV.

The uncles from the codfish countries came by Carl's adobe and said, "Come out in the name of Big Bill or we will make English pudding out of you."

Buy the book and see how this best seller of the year ends.

Auto Electric Service

Willard Battery Service

Mitchel Auto Electric Shop

Phone 94

Corey & Evans

Transfer and Long Hauling

COAL

414 E. Lin. Hwy. 117 N. 7th St.

Phone 872

Illinois Power Co.

"Your Power Company"

Light Heat Power

H. A. Beacham

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PAINT and VARNISH

226 E. Lincoln Highway

The Lincoln Inn

DeKalb's Best Soda and Lunch Shop

Headquarters for DeKalb Students

SPECIAL MEALS SERVED

Dinner 40 cents
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Supper 40 cents
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Clean Food in a Clean Place
Home Cooking
Dance in our special room anytime

C. A. Carlson, *Proprietor*

Ed. Conlin, Inc.

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COAL LUMBER

DeKalb Maple Park Cortland

Floyd B. Still Edgar B. Still
Perrie C. Still

STILLS
DeKalb, Illinois

Every Inch a Drug Store

DE KALB ILLINOIS

GAMMA ALPHA SIGMA

Regular meeting of Gamma Alpha Sigma tomorrow night at seven o'clock in the music room.

A good program (no foolin').

Mrs. Wiltberger has written another poem to her Ken. It is an ode entitled "To My Ken's Thick, Long, Black, Silky Eyelashes".

Josephine Clogston will talk about "Paradise Lost and Regained." (Found by inserting an ad in the lost and found department of the Chicago Tribune.)

Mary Gray will give a reading on "Vibrations." This is a very subtle, quick-moving sketch.

Carlson Bros.
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Prompt Service

Courteous Attention

PHONES: 749 — 296
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Hiland Bros.

Wall Paper, Paint and Glass

Painting and Decorating

124 E. Lincoln Highway
DeKalb Illinois

Allright - take it now!

Just some more Williston beds.

"Woodman - spare that tree."

I'm so shy!

How did this happen?

Faces to the east.

Love

"Firm and strong from tower to sill."

Birds.

A Complete Service in Yearbook Printing

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We produce many of the finest annuals in northern Illinois. Write us giving all specifications of your yearbook and we will submit our estimate.

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YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME
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DRUGS SODAS COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS
SPORTING GOODS

Begin Your Library

with

A Savings Book

at the

DeKalb Trust & Savings Bank
"The Fourth Street Bank"

LIBRARY

The list of books reviewed below will be found in the library:

"The Castle on the Hill" by J. C. Brown—Moves rapidly with a steady flow of incident and a richly colored setting. The pictures are well worth looking at.—

Frank Riddlesberger.

"A Kiss" by Charles Carter. "A kiss that started a dormitory scandal. This is the scorching story of a man's desire for privacy in the living room of Williston Hall."—

Elizabeth Johnston.

"The Home Plate" by Shoenholtz. "This is a tale of a hard-hitting, straight shooting baseball player. You will weep with him over his hardships and laugh with him over his joys. Very vivacious, pleasing style."

—Strombom.

"The Mysterious Horse" by Alice Allen—"Thrilling detective story centering around a girl who tried to trace some dorm meat from steak to hash."—

Dorothy Gigous.

Will the following please take Ovaltine so that they will not have to make up their lost sleep in Gen. Ex. and can act more animated.

Eddie Bower
Bernard Donnelly
Harold Ohlson
Margaret Hamilton
Dora Rasmussen
Mary Gray

P. S. But not too animated.

J. C. Brown.

Better Furniture
—Better Homes

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DeKalb County Home Furnishers

Electrical Appliances For The Student

Curling Irons, Student Lamps, Heating Pads, Stoves, Toasters, and Flashlights.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR STUDENTS
TABLES FOR LADIES
GOOD EATS

MURPHY'S
EAT SHOPPE

The Reliable

DeKalb's Oldest Dry Goods and Ready-to-Wear Store

Established 1904

Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Filled

MELODIE KLUB

All Melodie Klub boys be on the stage by nine o'clock today for the Gen. Ex. Stunt. Each bring the following pieces:

"Moonshine and Red Noses."

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie, We Were Seventeen."

"I Call My Sweetie Coffee 'Cause She Keeps Me Up at Night."

"Nellie Was a Lady With the Old Folks at Home."

Student body please refrain from throwing any ancient garden products at the songsters because they aren't going to enjoy this program any more than you are.

—A. N. Annas

BLACKBURN
HAT SHOPPE

AGAIN we lead the way of the mode for the smart school girl—reflecting in the models present a new gracious, feminine loveliness—the very essence of chick——the quintessence of individuality.

DeKalb's Newest and Finest Store Now Open

EVERYTHING IN STAPLE AND NOVELTY NEEDS

at

LESLIES

K & M

Groceries and Meats

Quality, Service and Satisfaction

PHONES 727—746

Corner Eighth and Market Streets

Hotel RICE

ALL ROOMS LIGHT AND AIRY

Popular Priced Dining Room in Connection

Rooms: Running Water $1.50
With Bath 2.50

JACK NORTON, *Proprietor*

Eat at the Original

Bell's Restaurant

156 E. Lincoln Highway

Next to First National Bank

The Deans have not found the following excuses satisfactory. The writers are to call at the dean's office at their earliest convenience for a conference.

Dear Mr. Annas,

The night watchman of the dormitory was sick last night and he asked me to take his place. I substituted for him, and I suffered from a severe eye-strain the next day which made me feel very dizzy. I hope you are the same.

Affectionately,
Your Red (Tazewell)

Dear Mrs. Hensel,

My roommate got up earlier than I did this morning and put on her best dress which I had intended to wear when I gave my long talk in Comp. II. Since I had nothing fit to wear I had to stay home.

With love,
Laura Tobyne

ATHLETICS

I have decided to give up my career as a missionary to Germany to convert the Teutons and am now prepared to give dancing lessons for boys at Peck's Academy. Ballroom dancing is my speciality, but I can instruct in fancy and interpretive hops also. No maidens allowed. I shall appreciate it very much if the men of this institution would support me.

William Rimcus
Dancing Master.

Sign Here:

1. *Clark Countryman*
2. *Ross Gustafson*
3. *Donald Delbridge*
4. *Carl Swanson*
5. *Anthony Petrosky*
6. *Joe Ridolph*

Will whoever owns the kiddie car left in my room please claim it? Leave a Ford next time.

Fred Carlson.

Movie Bulletin Board

Leland Strombom
in
DAVENPORT MANEUVERS
with
All star cast with the beautiful actresses as
Glenna Fitzsimmons, Mildred Wise
Myrtle Peterson, Constance Powell
The actors include – Ross Gustafson
Franklin Wiltse Rudolph Silverstone
Stage setting - Mr LeVitt – Director - Mr Lyon

The story centers around a dashing young man from Sycamore [illegible] romances

The AMERICAN BEAUTY
in Natural Colors
DORTHEA SHULTZA
in person
Direct from
one years run on Broadway
Her supporters in this stupendous drama are
PARIS GARTER – VIOLET ELASTIC

O'Brien Motor Sales

Authorized Dealer
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4th and Locust Streets
Phone 351

Flowers For All Occasions
at
Snyder's Floral Shop

119 North Third Street
Phone 321

GRACE HARDESTY Beauty Shoppe
Eugene Permanent Waving

Over Innovation
Room 205-6 Phone 806

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OAKLAND
AND
PONTIAC

112 E. Locust Street

The Color Plates and Halftones

in

The Norther

were engraved
by the

Pontiac Engraving Co.
812 W. Van Buren Street
Chicago

The Gen-Ex Trail
Directed by Mr Wright
Stage setting - Miss Merritt
Such stars as

"LIZ" JOHNSTON

"DEADSHOT" HAYES

"MEET PREXY"

Ranch of DeKalb
Roundup time
Action Thrills Suspense
C.C.

SERVICE
For The Automobile

FOILES GARAGE

Nash and Packard
Sales and Service

WHY NOT EAT
at the
STAR
Hamburger Shop
and Enjoy Eating
"The more you eat the more you want."

CALL
A
YELLOW
CAB
DAY OR NIGHT
Yellow Cab Co.
DELL KIMBALL, *Mgr.*
Fourth and Locust Streets

John Koach
"Where Quality Speaks"
Groceries and Meats
Phones 891 — 166
416 N. Tenth St. DeKalb, Ill.

American Shine Parlor
SUITS CLEANED AND PRESSED
Hats Reblocked Shoes Shined
NICK MARNALOS
314 E. Lin. Hwy. Phone 1825

It looks like good hiking weather.

We hope they hit it

Page Al Jolson

Just another martha-

There are so many women!

How many miles

Just another view.

can

Who

help

us!

WILLISTON HALL BULLETIN BOARD

Will each girl leave three cents in the office for buying pencils for signing out, up, and in.

Remember, girls, that when the first bell rings, the young man's hat should be in his hand, and his attention should be directed towards the door.

Anyone wishing to stay out until twelve o'clock sign in the office, and Mrs. Crays will say, "NO."

Anyone wishing to take care of chickens call Mr. Lyon, 1165, after five o'clock.

Mrs. Crays is away this week end; Helen Nashold is taking her place.

Dorothy Shultz is reducing now; she is taking in washings and asks all the girls to leave their laundry in Room H2O.

We are willing to take bribes for turning the lights out in the living room at ten o'clock on Saturday and Sunday nites. Our telephone number is 104. Please mail the money.

Elsie Emmert.
Rose Drobnic.

Marian Swanson hereby notifies the Dormitory that reducing exercises are allowable only between the hours of 11 and 12 P. M.

Lost: True Story Magazine. Return to Elwina Miller.

Beauty Culture
Permanent Waving
Chiropody

Mrs. J. Carson

Phone 121 3rd and Lin. Hwy.
Over China Store

Vanity Beauty Shop
Can Give You
A Permanent Wave
That Lasts, Looks Good and Satisfies
Phone 97
ALLIE M. MARTINSON
255½ E. Lincoln Hwy.
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Blomquist Bros.

HAVE JUST WHAT YOU WANT IN

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HART OIL BURNER
Reliability and Economy
John Dunn & Son
Sanitary Plumbing and Heating
118 N. Third Street
Office Ph. 1096 Res. Ph. 754

Russell G. Smith
WILLYS-KNIGHT
AND
WHIPPET
DeKalb Illinois

room-mate and Y.W

Oh you dormites! Come what may.

Just Mary and room mate

Um-m-m.

Looks pretty for the camera man!

Just a little happier please!

Looks very well but we wonder.

Oh for a soft spot for my weary head.

Whose birthday?

Experience Counts!

Our thirty years experience in the printing craft, plus our modern facilities, means a product of proven quality at prices which are right because they are based on an accurate cost system.

May we have your inquiries?

The Cates Printing Co.

On Second street opposite the City Hall

Telephone 3 DeKalb, Illinois

Which Flower do you want Larson?

We hope they observe the sign.

Martha herself. Where's George?

We hope they aren't as cold as they seem.

We've forgotten the score but we have hopes!

And then — They went for a walk.

For Over Fifty Years

Auld Class Rings and Pins

Have Led the Field

They've had to be good to
stay in front that long . . .

AULD'S, Inc.

Class Rings and Pins, Commencement Invitations and Cards

Columbus Ohio

Smokey Larson has just edited a book of poems called "My Beautiful Thoughts". He would appreciate it very much if the student body would advertise the book in their home towns. The following poems are published to give you an idea of Larson's poetic nature:

I held her hand
One night in June,
While 'neath a silvery moon
We strolled along at lover's pace;
I stole a kiss and held her hand
Or she'd have slapped my face.

Lives of football men remind us
That they write their names in mud
And, departing, leave behind them
Permanent rings in the bath tub.

In the Spring a young man's fancy
Turns to thoughts of moonlit dates,
When the stars are shining brightly,
And the Swedes are hunting mates.

"Smoky"

Wanted—Someone to bring publicity to the school.

Choose your way

1. Sitting on the Griffins and Owls for a quarter.
2. Swimming the Kishwaukee River.
3. Settling an argument between Mr. Peterson and Dr. Hayes.
4. Getting out an annual on TIME.
5. Discovering the contents of Miss Merritt's basket.
6. Publishing the faculty's baby pictures.

Leave name and choice at office.

—Mr. Levitt

Mr. Hayes his installed a new Thought Machine in his office. It records people's thoughts when they are unconscious of thinking. The machine hasn't been used much here, but to prove its accuracy some of the thoughts are recorded below:

Mrs. Wiltberger—I wonder what Ken is doing?

Mr. Livingston—I wonder why she thinks I come from a Podunky Town?

Miss Small—I hope nobody saw me get that letter in a pink envelope.

Mr. Terwilliger—I wonder if my hair looks all right.

Phyliss Rieger—I wonder if I have too much rouge on.

Elizabeth Johnston—I hope I see Chuck tonight.

Mr. LeVitt—I hope that no one notices that I need a haircut.

NOTICE—MEN

The following named persons have been named for Lord of the May. Vote for your favorate as the contest is sure to draw a heavy vote.

I might add that Chas. Carter and Ed. Bower are dark horses and are sure to finish strong.

Milt Hagman
Scummy Strombom
Dodo Biehl
Red Wise
Mr. Al Wright
Freddy Carlson

A very unusual commencement program has been arranged for this year. 'Big Bill' Thompson will be the principle speaker. His topic will be our Anglo-American Relations.

Autographs

PRINTED BY
STEWART & HAMMERICH
DE KALB, ILLINOIS

Autographs